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RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

(From the Knickerbocker.)

SCIPIO'S DREAM.

You are aware that in the consulship of Manius Manilius, I held the post of tribune of the fourth legion. Upon arriving in Africa, I took the earliest opportunity to wait upon king Massinissa, for whom our family have reason to feel the warmest affection. When presented to him, the aged man clasped me in his arms, and burst into tears; presently, he looked up to heaven, and said: 'I thank thee, supreme sun, and ye other gods, that ere the close of life, I behold in my kingdom and beneath my roof, P. Cornelius Scipio, whose very name infuses new being into my limbs!' The memory of one so pre-eminently good, is ever present to my mind. I then made some inquiries about his kingdom, and he about our republic, till at length question and answer brought us to the close of the day.

After an entertainment, served up in a style of regal splendor, we protracted our conversation till a late hour of the night; and during the whole time, the old man's sole topic was Africanus, whose actions, and even sayings, he remembered with the utmost minuteness. Owing to the fatigues of my journey, and the lateness of the hour, upon retiring to rest, I fell into a sleep unusually sound. It frequently happens, that our subjects of study and conversation produce in sleep a result like that which Ennius relates in an anecdote of Homer, his constant theme during his waking hours; so in this instance, Africanus appeared to me, in a form, which reminded me less of his person than of his image.* I shuddered as I recognized him; but he said to me: 'Take courage, Scipio; banish fear, and treasure my words in your memory.'

Methought the place where we stood was at a vast height above the earth, and resplendent with the brilliancy of countless stars. Pointing to Carthage, he said: 'Do you see yonder city? Do you observe how that, despite her subjection to the power of Rome by my arms, she is reviving the wars of former times, with restless pertinacity? Have you not come to attack her with a rank but little superior to that of a common soldier? Within two years, a consulship shall enable you to accomplish her utter overthrow, and to earn for yourself a surname which you now hold by inheritance from me. When you shall have extirpated Carthage, received the honors of a triumph, of the censorship, of embassies to Egypt, Syria, Asia, and Greece, you will be again elected consul in your absence, and will terminate a momentous war, by the extinction of Numantia. But when the triumphal chariot is conveying you to the capitol, you will incur the displeasure of the republic, disordered by the machinations of my grand-son.† Then, Africanus, it will behoove you to display to your country the light of your mental accomplishments, of your genius and wisdom.

'But here the path of destiny is but dimly revealed to me. For when your life shall have extended through seven times eight visits of the sun to either tropic, and when these two numbers, each of which is esteemed perfect, though for different reasons, shall, in the natural course of things, have brought around this period, to you most critical, then the whole state will turn their eyes to you alone; to you the senate—to you, all good men—to you our allies—to you the Latins, will look up; upon your shoulders the safety of the state will lean for support; in short, it will devolve upon you to quiet the republic, by the exercise of a dictator's power, provided you shall elude the designs of your own relatives upon your life.'

Here Lælius uttered an exclamation of surprise, and the rest groaned audibly: Scipio, however, said with a smile, 'Pray do not interrupt my slumbers; but a truce to the subject: listen to the remainder.'

'As an incitement to greater zeal in guarding the weal of the republic, be it known to you, Africanus, that all those who may have benefitted, built up, or preserved their country, have a particular spot assigned to them in heaven, where they will enjoy a blessed eternity; for of all things upon earth, nothing is more acceptable to the Supreme Deity, the ruler of the universe, than those confederate bodies denominated states, whose governors and preservers having once gone forth from this place, will hither return.'

Now, though overwhelmed with fear, not so much of death, however, as of the treacherous designs of my relatives, I yet found courage to inquire, whether he himself, and my father Paulus, and others whom we supposed no more, were really living. 'Those alone truly live,' said he, 'who have burst the bonds of the body, and escaped from that prison-house of the soul: the state which you call life, is death: but look! here comes your father Paulus!' At sight of him, I burst into tears; he embraced me with a kiss, and bade me weep no more.

Suppressing my tears, therefore, the moment I could speak, I said: 'Tell me, excellent, sainted father! since this is life, as Africanus says, why should I linger upon earth, in exile from you?'

'So it must be,' said he; 'for unless the God of all this vast temple which you are surveying, shall himself release you from the thraldom of the body, no welcome hither will ever await you. For mankind are at birth subjected to this law; that they shall inhabit the earth, which you observe in the centre of this temple; and souls are given them from the essences of those sempiternal flames, which you call stars, and which, being of globular forms, and animated with divine minds, perform their revolutions with astonishing velocity. Wherefore you, Publius, and all the pious, must preserve the spirit in the prison-house of the body, and never quit the scenes of life, save by the command of the Giver of life; lest in so doing, you should seem recreant to a trust reposed by God. And remember, Scipio, like your uncle here, and like me who gave you being, to cultivate justice, and a dutiful affection, ardent toward parents and relatives, but deepest toward your country. Such is the path to heaven, and the assembly of those who have already lived, and who, released from the body, now dwell in the region which you here behold.'

This region was the belt that flashes with the most vivid brilliancy, which you, after the Greeks, call the Milky Way. As I surveyed the universe from this station, every thing seemed grand and wonderful, in the highest degree. There were stars which we have never seen from the earth, and all of magnitudes such as we have never conceived; by far exceeding that body, which, in the remotest part of heaven, shines with a borrowed light in the neighborhood of the earth. The earth itself is far inferior to them, and indeed is so inconsiderable, that I was ashamed to look upon our empire, which occupied, as it were, but a point on its surface.

As I continued gazing upon the earth, Africanus said to me, 'How long will your mind grovel thus? See you not the temple into which you have come? The universe is made up of nine globes. One of these is external and divine, and includes the rest: this is the Supreme Deity himself, encompassing and keeping the whole in their places. It is a revolving globe, comprising the everlasting courses of the stars. Within this are placed seven globes, which revolve in a direction opposite to that of the superior heavens. Of these seven, one is the planet, on earth called Saturn. Next is Jupiter, whose brilliant light sheds health and prosperity upon man. Next, is the fiery terrible Mars. Next, in the centre of the planetary region, is the Sun; the chief, the leader and governor of the other luminaries; the soul and regulator of the universe; of magnitude so vast, that immensity is filled with his light. Venus and Mercury attend him as satelites. The Moon, illumined by the sun's rays revolves in the lowest orbit. Below her, all is mortal and perishable, except the soul, which the bounty of the gods has given to man. Above the moon, all is immortal. The earth, which is the ninth globe, and the central body of the universe, is the lowest of all the planets. It remains immoveable in space, and all ponderable substances tend toward it by their own gravity.'

Lost in wonder, I surveyed awhile the scene in silence. Upon recovering from my amazement, I inquired: 'What is this sweet full-toned music I hear?' 'It is produced,' said he, 'by the motion and concussion of the stars; a combination of intervals unequal, but separate by a fixed proportion. By a blending of acute and grave tones, they utter forth a various and equally sustained harmony; for it is impossible that bodies so vast should revolve in silence. It is a law of nature, that of extremities, the one shall give out a grave tone, the other an acute. In this way, the revolutions of the superior stars, being more rapid, are attended by a loud and acute sound; that of the moon, in conjunction with the lowest, by the gravest sound; the earth, which is the ninth globe, and immoveable in the centre of the universe, is lowest of all. The eight revolving globes, two of them acting with equal force, produce seven distinct sounds; which number may be called the knot‡ of all things.

'Learned men, who, copying nature, have imitated these sounds on strings and the voice, have thus procured their re-admission to this place; as also other men of genius, who have cultivated divine studies. So overwhelming is this sound, that human ears have become deaf to it. No one of the senses is so blunt as that of hearing. The inhabitants of Catadupa, where the Nile rushes over precipitous mountains, with a tremendous roar, have lost this sense, in consequence of the intensity of the sound. Here, the noise produced by the immense velocity of the revolving universe, is so vast, that human ears cannot receive it; just as it is impossible to look directly upon the sun, without destroying the organ of vision.'

Amazed as I was, I yet cast my eyes to earth occasionally. 'I see,' said Africanus, 'that you are still contemplating the abode of man. If it seems to you as insignificant as it truly is, be ever mindful of the things of heaven, and despise the earthly. For what celebrity or glory, worth the seeking, can you attain? You observe that a few narrow and scattered tracts comprise the whole inhabited portion of the earth; that in these spots vast deserts are interspersed; and that the inhabitants, some on either side of you, some behind, and some opposite, are so effectually disjoined, that no inter-communication can take place. From these you certainly cannot expect any glory.

'You perceive that the earth is encompassed by certain zones; that two of them, the most remote from each other, and resting upon either pole, are in a state of congelation; and that the intermediate and broadest one is scorched with the heat of the sun; so that but two of the zones are habitable. The men who walk the southern zone, being on the opposite side of the earth, can have no communication with your nation. Of the northern zone, which you inhabit, observe how small a strip has fallen to you. The whole tract, of inconsiderable length, but of greater breadth, forms a sort of petty island, washed by the sea which you call the Atlantic, the Great, the Ocean. Behold how small the subject of these grand epithets! Now in the inhabited and known countries, even, can the name of yourself, or any of your countrymen, scale yonder Caucasus, or swim the Ganges? Who in the remote regions of the rising or setting sun, of the north or south, will ever hear your name? And these apart, you must be sensible that but a small space is left for the diffusion of your glory. Those men, too, who now talk of you, how long will they do so?

'Supposing that future generations should successively transmit our praises to their posterity, as they received them from their fathers; still, by reason of deluges and conflagrations, which must occur at stated periods, our glory cannot be durable, much less eternal. Moreover, of what importance are the praises of posterity, while it is impossible to obtain those of preceding ages; when men were as numerous, and certainly better than now?

'Furthermore, among those whom our names may reach, no fame can be acquired which shall endure for a year: for though, in popular language, a year is measured by the periodical return to one place of a single heavenly body, the sun, yet the full year is complete only when the stars shall return to their original starting places, and present, after the lapse of ages, the same configuration as at the beginning. How many generations of men it comprises, I scarcely dare affirm.‖ In former times, when the soul of Romulus entered this abode, men thought the sun had left his station, and become extinct. Now when the sun shall have again arrived at the same spot, and again withheld his light, and all the stars and constellations been recalled to their first positions, then a full year will have elapsed; but of this not the twentieth part has yet rolled by.

'If a listressing doubt of your return to this abode of the great and eminent has ever harassed you, of what value is human glory, that can barely endure through a small part of a single year? If you would look upward, and contemplate this as your eternal home; if you would not live for vulgar renown, nor fix your hopes on human rewards; let Virtue, by her intrinsic allurements, incite you to true glory. Some will indeed talk of you, but trouble not yourself as to what they may say; for all fame is restricted to yonder narrow regions; it has never been perennial, in a single instance; it is demolished by the hand of Death; it is extinguished in the oblivion of posterity.

'Africanus,' said I, when he had finished, 'if for those who have deserved well of their country, a path is opened to the gates of heaven, although from my childhood I have walked in the steps of yourself and my father, and thus endeavored to sustain your glory, yet now that so high a prize is held up, I shall strive with greater vigilance.' 'Strive on,' said he, 'and keep in mind that it is not yourself but your body that is mortal. You are not manifest in that form of yours; the mind is the man; not the shape, which may be described with the finger. Know, then, that you are a god; for that must have a divine nature, which lives, thinks, remembers, foresees; which rules, directs, and moves the body, as the Supreme God does the universe; and as God, who keeps in operation the universe, which is in some degree mortal, is eternal, so the soul, which animates the frail body, is immortal. For whatever possesses the attribute of perpetual motion, has also that of eternity; but a cause of motion, which is subject to external influence, must, whenever the motion ceases, have itself ceased to operate. Self-motion, then, can alone be perpetual, since its cause is inherent and unfailing. It is also the source and first cause of all other motion. But a first cause can have no antecedent; for all things are effects of it, nor would it be a first cause, if it had been created; and if it had no antecedent, it can never become extinct; in which case, this first cause of motion could neither be re-produced by a like, nor create a like from itself. All motion, then, must result from some original impelling cause, which, it appears, must be a self-moving power. It must also be increate and imperishable; for all heaven might fall together, and all nature stand still, without generating a power sufficient of itself to give a motive impulse.

'Since then it appears that whatever is self-moved is eternal, who will deny the immortality of the soul? For all bodies that are subject to external impulse, are inanimate; animate bodies, on the other hand, are governed by internal impulse. Such is the constitution of the mind; and since it alone possesses the power of self-motion, and is increate, it must be eternal. Train it, then, in the noblest exercises; the noblest of all, is guarding your country's weal. The mind that is practised and worn out in such pursuits, will wing its way with a speedier flight to this abode, its own home; and the sooner if, while enclosed in the body, it shall occasionally rove abroad, and lose itself in the contemplation of celestial scenes. Those who have surrendered themselves to corporeal pleasures, and bound themselves, in a willing servitude, to sensual delights, have violated the laws of God and man. Their souls, when loosed from the body, will hover around the earth; for ages they must be tossed about in expiation of their crimes, before they will be re-admitted hither.'

He vanished: I awoke.

* It was customary with the Romans to place images of their ancestors in the halls of their dwellings.

† Tiberius Gracchus.

‡ The ancients supposed that the number seven was possessed of various mysterious properties. Cicero's idea seems to be, that it was a sort of key to the secrets of nature; a knot, in which they are bound up.

‖ The 'full year' of Plato included fifteen thousand years.

THE EXILES OF ZILLERTHAL.

Under this head appears, in the last London Quarterly Review, an interesting account of what is called the persecution of a band of Protestant Tyrolese by the Austrian government, and of their adoption by the Prussian in consequence thereof. This event is recent, but very little has been said about it on our side of the water. The Reviewer speaks of it in very strong terms. He thinks it conclusive proof of the resolution of the Catholics to persist in that policy heretofore inflicted on the Saltzburgers and the Huguenots, and many others, on a great scale, but which modern members of that Church have ascribed less to the Catholic system, than to the general barbarism of the age in which those atrocities were committed. The present case briefly stands thus: The people in question, with their compatriots, occupied a fine, large, fertile valley of Tyrol—some 15,000 in all—farmers and graziers—a contented, industrious, honest people. For centuries this community had been wholly Catholic. Protestantism sprang up a few years since, nobody knew how. There was no Protestant place of worship in the entire region, and it was only known of that sect, that one hundred years before, all that then were of them, were driven out of the country. The fact is, those people had left some of their books behind them. Copies of Luther's bibles, some of them now over two hundred years old, were among their descendants. Some of these old folios were bound up with the Augsburg confession of faith. Prayer books also appeared. One old man of ninety-eight, lately said he had been reading these things ever since he was born. The result was that several hundred Protestants grew up. Matters went quietly for a time, but they at length concluded they ought to encourage Catholicism no longer in any way. They applied for those tedious processes which the Austrian government provides for Catholics, who wish to embrace Protestantism.

Difficulties were made about it, contrary to the law, so great was the alarm lest these new heresies should speak. The Emperor Joseph was appealed to, and spoke smoothly, but seems to have let the subject afterwards escape him, or to have yielded to the priests. Leave was granted them, however, in 1834, to migrate into some other province of the empire. This was unsatisfactory; they thought it better to 'go the whole'—Puritan fashion. They applied for passports to leave the empire. These were denied. They then expressed their determination at all events to 'go ahead,' (New England fashion again;) and now the government, out of patience, or glad to be rid of them, commanded them to be gone, and that in four months. This was done. The King of Prussia gave some five hundred of them an asylum at Schmiederberg. The location is said to be fine. Schools and religious privileges abound. Each man has a house and farm, according to his former condition. The whole settlement goes by the name of Zillerthal.

All these colonists appear to have been thrifty characters. They carried into Prussia, under all these disadvantages, over 50,000 rix dollars, besides much more left due them at home. All this was two years ago. The Quarterly gives some sketches of the migration itself, which are curious. They proceeded in parties. The first one comprised one hundred and fifty persons, and when this company approached their destined new home, we are told that the Pastor of Michelsdorf, with his flock, went out to greet them. 'At the head of the train advanced the fathers and mothers—tall and well-proportioned figures—wearing the well known Tyrolese hat, and clothed in the costume of their country.' It was easy to perceive that the clothes had all been newly provided for the journey. Saturday, the 23d, at noon, came the second division, weary and wet from the heavy rain which had continued for several days; on the thirtieth, the third, and a few days after, the last and the smallest train. Schmiedeberg was to be their first halting place and temporary home, until the intended settlement could be prepared for their reception; and here, on the 8th of October, they observed a day of public thanksgiving to God for their safe arrival. The Tyrolese assembled on the great open Place before the Church, at the doors of which stood the clergy to receive them. The hymn was sung:

When Christ his Church defends,
All hell may rage and riot.

The church doors were opened and the clergy led in the people, whilst another hymn was sung—

Up, Christians, ye who trust in God,
Nor let men's threats affrighten.

The exiles occupied the seats on the right and left, immediately before the altar. The service began with the hymn—

In God my friend I put my trust.

Then followed an address from the altar, and all concluded with the hymn—

Now thank God, one and all.

The Church could hardly hold the crowds that streamed from all sides to take part in the solemnity. A few days after this, all the heads of families, as well as unmarried individuals, were summoned to the Town House, where they were presented with Bibles. The government at once made provision both for the schooling of the children and the instruction of the adults.

This spectacle seems out of place in the present age. Much might be said about it, but it speaks sufficiently for itself. Especially it tells for Frederic William. Nor ought it to be forgotten that King William of England warmly engaged in the cause of these Protestants. As to Catholicism, the reviewer, as we have hinted, thinks it completely unmasked by the whole proceedings, and he undertakes, also, to show that wherever popery now possesses the power, liberty of conscience is unkown. That such has long been the belief of many in our own community, is well known. Others, however, are more charitable or less severe.

[From the Baptist Advocate.]

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GERMAN, BY A YOUNG LADY OF NEW YORK.

The Shepherd and the Nightingale.

'Sing, sweet Nightingale,' said a shepherd to the silent songstress on a lovely evening in Spring.

'Ah,' replied the Nightingale, 'the frogs make so much noise, that I have lost all pleasure in singing; dost thou not hear them?' 'I hear them indeed,' returned the shepherd; 'but thy silence is the cause of my hearing them.'

What a lesson to Christians! Their silence too often allows the words of the unbeliever to be heard.

The Eagle.

An Eagle was once asked why she led her young so high in the air.

She answered, 'would they dare mount so near the sun should I bring them up on earth?'

Mother, wouldst thou that thy child should relish high and holy things, bring him not up too near the earth.

The Rose.

'All the flowers around me wither and die, still I alone am called 'the fading, the transitory rose.' Thankless men! do I not strive to make my short existence agreeable, and even after death, do I not shed from my tomb fragrance?—medicines full of virtue and balm? Still do I hear ever said and sung, 'Ah, the withering, fragile rose!'

Thus mourned the queen of flowers from her throne, in the first bitter moments of conscious decay. A maiden standing near, overheard and replied, 'Be not angry with those who prize you so highly, beautiful darling, call not that ingratitude which is the tenderest affection. Every flower that we see around, withers, and dies,—we hold it the flower's fate. But thou, their queen, we deem immortal; when we are disappointed in our wishes, let us unite our lamentations with thine; all the beauty, the joy, the freshness of life are compared to thee, and as they fade they cry, 'Ah, the withering, fragile rose!'"—*Herder.*

The sacred fire of religion must never go out, but it must be like the fire of heaven, it must shine like the stars, though sometimes covered with a cloud, or obscured by a greater light; yet they dwell forever in their orbs, and walk in their circles, and observe their circumstances, but go not out by day nor night, and set not when kings die, nor are extinguished when nations change their Government. So must the zeal of a Christian be.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

[Abridged from an Irish paper for the Sunday School Visitor.]

THE LAST HOURS OF BISHOP HOOPER.

Bishop Hooper was burned in Gloucester, in the reign of Queen Mary. He had been brought up a Roman Catholic, but after a diligent examination of the Scriptures, became convinced of the errors of that system, and embraced the religion of the Reformation. For this step he was so persecuted, as to be forced to take refuge on the continent. On the accession to the British throne of the excellent Edward, the Reformer returned to his native country: but not, it would seem, without a *presentiment* of the fate that awaited him. And, as if endowed with the spirit of prophecy, he is sated to have said to his friend Bullinger, at their parting interview,—'The last news of me you shall hear, but I shall not be able to write; for where I shall take most pains, there you shall hear of my being burnt to ashes.' After his return to England, his eminence as a preacher of the everlasting gospel led to his elevation to the then united sees of Gloucester and Worcester—a station in which he exhibited the zeal, humility and assiduity of a primitive prelate. On his appointment, he was furnished by the herald with the following remarkable coat of arms:—'Three crosses on a bar, with rays of glory shining from heaven upon earth; and for the crest, a lamb in a fiery bush.' On receiving these arms, the bishop was much affected, and observed, 'I think I shall die for the truth.'—These symbols his subsequent history rendered surprisingly appropriate. Edward's reign was deplorably brief. God was preparing to prove and purify his church in England, (see John xv. 2.) Under his successor, a meet type of the sanguinary system to which he was so bigoted a devotee, the venerable prelate was deprived of his bishopric, confined in a London prison, treated with much severity, and eventually sentenced to execution at Gloucester, the scene of his benevolent labors. On this occasion he really went like a *lamb* to the stake, enduring the terrific ordeal with invincible patience and constancy. He also underwent three severe *crosses*, being consumed in three several fires; while the rays of celestial love conspicuously shone upon him, in the triumphant fortitude with which he was enabled to be faithful unto death.

When his body had been fastened to the stake by an iron hoop, he looked round on the people; for being tall, and standing on a high stool, he could see to some distance. The surrounding crowds were weeping for him. Then lifting up his eyes and hands to heaven, he prayed, probably for them as well as for himself. The person who was appointed to make the fire came to him, and asked his forgiveness: to whom he replied, 'Why should *I* forgive you? I know of no offence which you have ever committed against me.' 'O Sir,' said the man, 'I am appointed to make the fire.' 'Therein,' said Hooper, 'thou dost nothing to offend me; *God* forgive thee thy sins, and do thy office, I pray thee.' Then the reeds were thrown up, and he received two bundles of them in his own hands, and embraced, and kissed them, and then put one under either arm, and showed with his hand how the rest should be placed.

Shortly after, the order was given that the fire should be lighted; but as the faggots were green, it did not soon kindle, and it was a considerable time before the reeds caught it. At length it burned around him; but the wind blew the flames from him, so that they only scorched him.

After some time a few dry faggots were brought, and a new fire was kindled; but it burned below and only scorched him as before. During both the first and the second fire he prayed, saying mildly and not very loudly, but as one free from pain, 'O Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me and receive my soul.' After the second fire was spent, he wiped both his eyes with his hands, and looking on the people, said with a raised voice, 'for God's love, good people, let me have more fire.' All this while his lower parts were burning; but the faggots being few, the flames did not reach his upper parts.

A third fire was then kindled, which was stronger than the two former. The bladders of gunpowder now burst, but they were so placed that they did him no service. He now prayed with a loud voice, 'Lord Jesus, have mercy on me: Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.' These were the last words he was heard to utter. But when he was black in the mouth, and his tongue swollen so that he could not speak, yet his lips moved till they were shrunk to the gums; and he knocked his breast with his hands till one of his arms fell off, and then knocked with the other, until, by a renewal of the fire, his strength failed, and his hand stuck to the iron on his breast. Immediately, bowing forwards, he yielded up the ghost.

In reference to the foregoing incidents, the following beautiful lines, by EDMESTON, were sent to a descendant of the martyred Bishop, with a seal, on which was engraven the Bishop's crest—a lamb in a fiery bush, with the motto, '*Per ignes ad cælum.*' i. e. 'By fire to Heaven.'

THE MARTYR'S CREST.

'Tis a lovelier crest than the blood-stained blade,
Or the hand stretched out to slay;
Than the oak-twined wreath, or the laurel braid,
Of the bird, or the beast of prey:
It was proved by deeds more lofty far,
Than the shields of war or victory are!
'Twas nobly done! to fear not kings,
To dare their feeble ire;
To smile at all terrestrial things,
The rack, the scourge, the fire,
Now to a cold, damp dungeon driven;
Then wrapt in thought on things above,
Gazing upon a Savior's love,
Pass through the flames to heaven;
Say, aged warrior, when thy breath
Was struggling with the grasp of death,
When every tortured nerve was rending,
And death with life,
In bitter strife,
And agony contending;
Wert thou not borne in thought away,
Far from the weak, consuming clay?
And, o'er thy calm, unruffled soul,
Did not celestial visions roll?
The martyr's stake is strewn with flowers,
And earthly and infernal powers,
May try their utmost force in vain,
To plant a thorn, or cause a pain!
'Tis true, we are not call'd, like thee,
To dungeon cells, or martyry;
But yet the spirit is not dead,
Through which the saints of Jesus bled;—
And, though it's bound with many a chain,
It would resist to blood again.
And, now perhaps a surer snare
For spirits that might even dare
The stake and all the terrors there,
The deep-laid sophism of the school,
The curling lip of ridicule,
And taunt of sceptics bear.
Yet, wrapt in thought on things above,
Gazing upon a Saviour's love,
We still may firm endure:
Though smiles or frowns contend the way,
Despise—defy them all—and say,
'Your worst!'—my hold is sure!'

KNOWLEDGE.—Pleasure is a shadow, wealth is vanity, and power is pageantry: but knowledge is extatic in enjoyment, perennial in fame, unlimited in space, and infinite in duration. In the performance of its sacred office, it fears no danger, spares no expense, omits no exertion. It scales the mountain, looks into the volcano, dives into the ocean, perforates the earth, circumnavigates the globe, explores sea and land, contemplates the distant, ascends to the sublime; no place too remote for its grasp; no heavens too exalted for its reach.—*De Witt Clinton.*

RELIGION ENHANCES EVERY ENJOYMENT.

We may see how completely religion is adapted to the nature of man, by observing that even the elements of enjoyment (and they are many, though fleeting,) which this world contains, are never fully tasted but by religious persons. Those abundant sources of pure delight which are to be found in the heart, the intellect, and the imagination, are never received in their fullness but by them; and why? because they are the gems of their future and more glorious being, and can only flourish in a soil akin to that ultimately destined for them. In a worldly mind, like plants removed from their original soil and climate, they exist, indeed, but with a blighted existence; but how degenerate is the production! Every thing that wants religion wants vitality. Philosophy without religion is crippled and impotent; poetry without religion has no heart-stirring powers; life without religion is a complex and unsatisfactory riddle; the very arts which address themselves to the senses never proceed so far towards perfection, as when employed on religious subjects. Religion, then, can be no obstacle to enjoyment, since the only sources of it which are confessedly pure are all enhanced by its possesion. Even the ordinary commerce with the world, what a blessing awaits an exemption from the low sordid spirit, the petty passions and paltry feelings, which abound in it!

KINDNESS AT HOME.

It is a homely adage, that "Straws show the direction of the wind,"—meaning that little things reveal the disposition of the mind. The reason is that these are unaffected—natural products of the heart, while weightier matters are more circumspectly ordered.

The principle will apply to all actions, trifling or important. The more secluded the more genuine. We cannot be in doubt then, where to look for impartial evidence of our true characters.

It is to the retirement of home. The virtues we credit to ourselves should be those which we exemplify there. Every Christian virtue does, in some shape, find its appropriate exercise there, and is imperiously demanded there. At home, our actions affect the happiness of others more than they can do anywhere else, and the happiness of those who have the strongest possible claim to our kindness. If we fail to acknowledge and discharge this obligation, it should make us doubt entirely, the soundness of our benevolence. If, in the inmost seclusion of domestic life, we give the reigns to passion, and permit anger, selfishness, irritability, fastidiousness, austerity,—any unamiable and un-Christian impulses—any peculiarity of habits or temper, to occasion wretchedness to those whom we ought to love and cherish before all others, we should look with suspicion on our general charities. If Christian kindness is in our hearts, it will appear first, and habitually where kindness is a sacred duty—at home:

We must expect to encounter disturbing influences in the world and in our families. Perfection does not belong to human things. Men do not find it in their dearest friends, nor do

friends find it in them—it is well, if the most infirm are the most unreasonable and severe in their exactions from others. Mutual forbearance is indispensable to happiness, every where —pre-eminently so in domestic life. To make of home a temple of holy peace—a refuge of the heart, there must be never-failing kindness; and when religion or reason govern the conduct, there will be such kindness.

MR. HUNTINGTON'S LETTERS.

(*Continued.*)

To the Editor of the Christian Register.

Steam-boat Frontier, Aug. 10.

Dear Sir,—We are now again on our course for Chicago—having some ten hours' sail before us to Peru; where we expect to arrive about midnight; and then, about one hundred miles by stage to the head of lake Michigan. I intend to press on to Joliet, where I am informed we have friends of our faith; and, as reaching Chicago any time to-morrow is now wholly out of the question, to stop and preach at J.—Meantime, as our boat is gliding smoothly along up the Illinois, I will fill a page or two with some account of religious affairs in this part of the West. Religious denominations are in general much the same here as with you; although there are many shades of difference.

In Illinois and Missouri, the Methodists are most numerous; the Baptists probably come next in number; of whom there are several schools; as Calvinistic and Free-will, Christian, Unitarian, and Reformers, or Campbellites. The clergy of these various sects, in general receive no stipulated salary; and indeed but little pay, of any sort; nor, on the other hand, do they devote themselves wholly to the work of the ministry; but they labor at their agricultural, mechanical, or other callings, through the week; and preach without much preparation once on the Sabbath. These preachers very often have each three or four churches under their care, which they visit about once a month; and upon an occasion of communion, two or three of them make their appointments so as to meet together. At such times, it is common for each one to address the people at the same sitting, and thus they seem to make up in length, what is wanting in the frequency of their meetings. These churches are comprehended under their respective associations; which hold some quarterly, others semi-annual meetings; to decide upon appealed cases of discipline and questions of doctrine, and to regulate the movements of the denomination. I have observed with regret, that not a little of the spirit of sectarian warfare is exhibited in these larger gatherings of more than one of our western denominations of Christians.

Of Presbyterians, there are found two or three varieties, as the Regular order, the Reformed, the Cumberland; all of which, however, commune with one another; and have their respective higher ecclesiastical courts. The public worship of these, like that of the Baptists, is not regular; except at the larger towns, where a resident pastor is maintained. The clergy of the regular Presbyterian order is the best educated; and the college at Jacksonville is mainly under their control. They are also the best supported, the most devoted to the work of the ministry, and consequently the most efficient. This church is split into old and new schools, in many places; but in St. Louis, the division happily has not been suffered to take place; and it may be said that this form of Presbyterianism is taking the lead of the other two; and of the Congregational denomination likewise. A society of the latter order applied to the Legislature of Illinois last winter for a special act of incorporation, which was refused. There is in existence, however, a general act of incorporation, under which our Unitarian society at Quincy was formed, with the style of Second Congregational. There is no Presbyterian church, properly speaking in that place, the New England portion of the Orthodox being there altogether more numerous than the western. The method of the Presbyterians in establishing churches in the West is, to send out preachers who are like to make that part of the country their permanent home. Having found a man of this description sound in their faith, sincerely pious, and heartily devoted to the work of the ministry—they send him to some flourishing town, where there is enough of interest taken in the enterprise to call forth an effort to aid in supporting him. From one fourth to one half of his maintenance comes from the missionary society, or some other eastern source, and the rest from the people upon whom he is quartered; and to whom, (consisting perhaps of two or more colleague societies within a few miles of each other) he ministers in rotation. Thus, he identifies all his interests with those of his parishioners, and together with them acquires strength and influence. This is the true, and only successful plan of missionary operations, save that of the Methodist church.

And one word concerning this denomination, Their form of church government is almost universally Episcopal, as yet; but there are many indications that the independent, or congregational plan will in process of time trench upon it largely. I have met with some churches organized upon this plan; and they seem to take very well with the western people. This great body have a flourishing college with one hundred students at Lebanon, about twenty miles east of St. Louis. This institution has somewhat of a theological, as well as literary, character; and will undoubtedly serve the denomination as a 'school of the prophets.'

Upon the whole, the people of Illinois are doing vastly more towards sustaining religious institutions, than they have the credit of, with those that have never been amongst them. It is true, the church spire does not yet very often arrest the eye of the traveller; and the reason is, that emigrants thither are too recently arrived, and have thus far been too pressingly occupied in supplying the first necessities, to find either time or other resources to devote to the construction of many commodious and handsome churches. Nor is the power of vital godliness wanting there. True, there is amongst Christians every where too little of the pure, self-sacrificing spirit of their Master; too much of bigotry, prejudice and religious exclusiveness; but take the western portion of our country through, I do not think it would suffer much by a comparison with the eastern, in the proportion of church-communicants to the number of ordinary worshippers; or in morals; or in zeal for spreading the truth, as each one conscientiously holds it. Vice may seem more ripe, and in some places doubtless it is, because of the greater freedom of thought and action allowed there; but even of many of those not formally professing Christianity, I am satisfied that the seeming indifference to religion and its institutions is owing rather to the unfavorable situations in which they have been placed, than to any determination to live without their hallowed influences; and that they only require to see religion under a rational and attractive aspect, to embrace and generously to support it. W. P. H.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

It is often stated, and by individuals who lay claim to great learning, 'That Egypt was the cradle of science and civilization'—that it was 'the seat of the earliest civilization of the human race'—that 'the first light of human learning beamed from the banks of the Nile' &c. It is believed this is not strictly correct. That it was one of the earliest countries where science was cultivated and made progress, is admitted. But that all learning there originated and was first pursued, is not now generally believed by the diligent inquirers respecting the origin of nations, and the early dawn of human science. Chaldea was settled before Egypt; and that was really the cradle of human learning. There Noah settled after surviving the awful catastrophe of the deluge. There his sons settled. Whatever of science and learning Noah and sons preserved from the antediluvians, was known in Chaldea, before Egypt was settled, and was there spread and increased. The sublime science of Astronomy was early cultivated in Chaldea. A grand son of Noah, Ham, and his posterity settled in Egypt: and therefore, that country was early a place of learning; but it was not first. The people there, in the time of Abraham, might be more learned than those of Canaan; but not more so than they of Babylon, or Chaldea. It is also now supposed that upper Egypt, or Ethiopia, was settled by people somewhat civilized before lower, or what is betterly called Egypt; and that civilization descended on the banks of the Nile. This may not be very important at the present day; but it is worthy of consideration by those who would speak correctly of the origin of civilization and science. 'The earliest seat of human learning and civilization' was Chaldea, and not Egypt. And thence they spread as the grand-children and posterity of Noah migrated to other countries; whether to India, Arabia, Ethiopia, Egypt, or Palestine.

D'ANVILLE.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

Mr Editor,—It is gratifying to see the spirit manifesting itself so generally both in town and country, of making the resting places of the dead, fit and beautiful resorts for the living, who would steal away from the busy world, from its 'vanity and vexation of spirit,' and indulge for a while in the grateful and soothing influence such a place inspires. Having read with much pleasure the remarks in your last number as regards cemeteries, I would suggest that as few of us can enjoy so delightful a grove as Mount Auburn, we can at least turn our attention to our own burial grounds, and make them far more pleasant and agreeable retreats than would be generally supposed, besides divesting the idea of death of many of its terrors, particularly with the young. As an example I would refer to the old burial ground in Dorchester, the oldest in New England excepting one at Plymouth; but a short time since it was overrun with weeds, and many of the tombs in a ruinous condition, but having been lately under the care of an elderly gentleman, much to the credit of his taste and judgment, it has assumed an entirely different appearance, and a few years will suffice to make it a most beautiful spot. As many others capable of the same improvement are among us, we would say to those interested, 'go thou and do likewise.' C.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

Deerfield, Sept. 29*th*, 1839.

Mr. Editor,—In a communication, published in your columns on the 14th inst., relative to one from me, published the week before, I am courteously invited by the author, who subscribes himself B., to point out 'the means, moral and constitutional, by which slavery can be abolished.' By the moral and constitutional means of abolishing slavery, terms which he quoted from my communication, I suppose he understood, and rightly understood, the means to be employed by men at the North, for effecting the object proposed. Almost as soon, therefore, as I heard his communication, I determined to do what he requested; and the first mail carried to you an introductory number of a series, in which I proposed to discuss the subject: On the following Saturday, I received a private letter from you, courteous indeed, but containing among other things the following extracts: 'I do not think a discussion of the kind proposed would do any good at present.' 'People are yet too sensitive and irritable.' 'I should be glad to receive from you a general answer to Mr. B.' On reading this letter, I was at once convinced, and the conviction is deep in my mind, that I could not do justice to myself and to the cause by a naked statement of means. The best means of securing the most desirable objects are not always such, as, on a bare statement approve themselves at once to the general mind. Argument, as well as explanation, is often indispensable, to show their pertinence and probable effects. This I conceive to be emphatically true of the best means of effecting the abolition of slavery. Such an amount of argument must be employed, as, in your opinion, would lead to discussions too extensive for your columns. I have therefore determined, with the permission of Providence, to prepare for the press a series of essays on the subject, and if circumstances favor, publish them in a pamphlet form; in which case, I hope, the assurance given by your correspondent, A. H., in your paper of the 21st, that "the South is ever ready to meet such discussions, when in a gentle and truthful spirit," will be verified by those of our Southern brethren, into whose hands it may possibly fall. As I have mentioned this correspondent, I wish to acknowledge the peculiar pleasure I derived from the spirit of his reply, though I think some objections might in several instances be made to his logic. If the temper manifested by A. H., who declares himself to be a native and a citizen of South Carolina, were mutually and generally exhibited between the citizens of the South and the North, it would enable them to correct any error of logic, which might be unveiled on one side, or the other, and lead to the harmonious discussion, adoption, and pursuit of measures, which might soon remove every cause of discussion between these two great sections of our country.

I have yet one thing to mention, which was among the principal objects I had in writing to you at this time. Probably, if nothing more from me appears in your paper, I shall be thought to have declined a fair opportunity for presenting to the public what I regard as the best means of promoting a cause, which I profess to have much at heart; and I doubt not you will do the cause and me the justice of informing Mr. B. and the public what are the reasons, either by inserting this letter, or making the statement in your own language, as you prefer.

Respectfully yours,

SAMUEL WILLARD.

For the Register and Observer.

SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY.

A Quarterly meeting of the Sunday school Society was held at the Tremont Hall on Sunday evening last. In the absence by indisposition both of the President and Vice President, Deacon MOSES GRANT was called to the chair.

Rev. Mr. Muzzey of Cambridgeport opened the meeting with a fervent and appropriate prayer.

Henry Clapp Jr. as chairman of the committee to make the necessary arrangements for the meeting, introduced the subject for consideration, by reading two letters received by the directors of the society, from the Rev. Mr. Everett of Northfield in behalf of the 'Franklin Evangelical Association of ministers,' requesting the society to consider the expediency of appointing an agent on their part to visit Sunday schools, especially those of a feeble character, and in different parts of the state. These letters suggested the advantages and necessity of such an appointment in aid of the Sunday school cause, and expressed their desire to receive a visit from such an agent before the close of their schools this fall,—and their willingness in a certain way to aid in the furtherance of such a purpose.

The reading of these letters, was followed by some spirited and excellent remarks on the part of Mr. Clapp.

He was succeeded successively by Messrs. Barnard, Weeks, Bayley, Baker, Dall, Cobb, and Pray, who severally spoke in favor, in general terms, of the appointment of such an agent.

A motion was here made that the meeting be adjourned to Sunday evening next for the further consideration of the measure. Rev. Mr. Gray having necessarily come in late, expressed his desire to be present at such a meeting to state his opinion on the subject, and the meeting was accordingly adjourned.

It appeared from the statements made, that the society in answer to the call of the Franklin Evangelical Association, had appointed Rev. R. C. Waterston a temporary agent to visit the schools in their connexion, but having no power by their constitution to appoint an agent, and no funds to support a permanent agency, the subject had been brought before the society for their consideration and advisement. An interesting discussion may be anticipated on Sunday evening, to which time the society stands adjourned.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, OCTOBER 12, 1839.

OPENING OF THE WESTERN RAILROAD.

We were present on this occasion, as interesting as important. The day was delightful. It was one of those which make us *feel* that all things are good, tender and beneficent, that the universe is a temple, possessed and pervaded by gentle and kind spirits and influences. The earth and the heavens seem to be congratulating each other. The air is laden with serene benediction. The sun has thrown aside his imperial splendors, and rejoices in fellowship with his friends and companions. Along the track there is a constant succession and variety of pleasing and beautiful scenery. Streams creeping and babbling through their rocky channels, groves, hills, valleys, still waters, all made and adorned by the hands of the Great Husbandman, fill the mind with soothing images and gentle excitement. It is true, nature has laid aside her gorgeous, summer robes. But she is none the less lovely, and more affecting and impressive. She has passed before us in beauty, in glory, in bounty. She has shown us of the Father. All creatures have been glad in her smiles and partake of her gifts. She has thrown around them her arms of love. Her hands have filled their homes with good. But she has now finished her work. The time of her rest has come. She is preparing to descend into her grave. But she is not sad. Not a trace of fear or despondency is on her features. Never were they more radiant with hope. Her countenance is all confidence and tranquillity. Her heart is heaving with a joy and peace too profound for utterance. Her chastened smiles cast a beautiful light over the footsteps of decay and desolation. In this her hour she preaches faith, hope and charity most eloquently. In meek resignation she triumphs over her mighty foe and seems to ask, O grave, where is thy victory? Her trust in God is perfect, and every smitten leaf, as it quietly falls, says Thy will be done. But we must end this moralising, and tell what occurred at the end of our little journey. A vast multitude were collected from the surrounding country, and were excited with cheerful enthusiasm. Not a little 'villainous saltpetre' was destroyed; and the military evidently felt the importance of their duties. The arrangements of the table were excellent. In all things the people of the place displayed good taste, consideration and liberality. Hon. George Ashmun presided over the festivities of the occasion with equal felicity and dignity. The speeches called forth, we should judge from the little knowledge we have of such matters, were uncommonly good. The remarks of Governors Lincoln and Everett were exceedingly pleasant and effective. We are no partizan—but it certainly strikes us as a circumstance of just pride and satisfaction that we have a chief magistrate who feels so intelligent and lively sympathy in all the great interests of the Commonwealth—in those that add to her wealth and power, and those that adorn and extend her name and reputation. Agriculture, mechanic art, commerce, improvements, schools, literature, all have received the encouragement of his favor and influence, and around each he has thrown the grace and dignity of his cultivated genius. While listening to what others said, we were led into many reflections on the moral and political influence of steam as a means of communication. There can be no doubt it must be vast—probably greater than has yet been imagined. That agent which brings people nearer, makes them intimately acquainted, diffuses and thus inflames their passions, exposes them directly to the action of each other's institutions, habits and prejudices, and opens channels of rapid communication to excitement and intelligence, is destined to act a most important part in human affairs. It will do more to free the nations from all kinds of tyranny and oppression than politicians and warriors have been able to accomplish. When all the cities and villages of a great country understand each other, when they can easily and rapidly spread their plans, purposes, hopes and fears, will they tamely submit to the unjust will of one man or a small class of men? Let the Autocrat of Russia construct railroads throughout his vast empire, let him thus connect the capital and the provinces and the principal towns, he may continue to reign—but it must be with reason and justice. Let him exasperate the millions of strong men, that now tremble before him, and give them facilities of combination, his reeking sceptre would be wrenched from his hands. When tyranny first looked upon a steam car, clothed with thunder and the speed of lightning, she groaned through all her dungeons, and satan with his angels fell from heaven. The rapid intercourse between our country and Europe, must exert a vast influence upon us, whether good or bad is to be determined. We are young—she is old. We are easily affected and impressed.

Our habits and institutions are not yet fixed and confirmed. We are yet, as Burke said, in the gristle, and not hardened into the compactness of manhood. She is mature, stern, unyielding. She is covered over with a grey antiquity. Her modes and forms are touching and impressive from their venerableness. The shadowy, mighty past seems speaking through them. They are associated with a long series of heroic, glorious efforts and sacrifices. The shades of the illustrious dead are resting on them. And eloquence and genius have thrown seductive charms around. They appeal strongly to some of our highest and holiest sentiments. We rejoice with trembling when we consider how near the old world has approached us. We almost wish the waves of the Atlantic had not yet been baffled by the power of steam. We beseech you, brethren of the East, come no nearer at present. We are not yet prepared for a closer, social conflict. Your fleets and armies, we fear not. But your seductions, we do fear. Through our sympathies you may make us faithless to our first love. You may spoil us of our simple tastes and plain, honest republicanism. We want time for our nerves and limbs to acquire their full strength and self-confidence. And then we will meet you face to face and wrestle for empire over the human heart. Governor Everett stated that after a few miles of road are completed there will be communication by steam, from the valley of the Mississippi to British India, through one hundred and sixty degrees of longitude, embracing a large part of the habitable and all the civilized world. What an interesting and sublime fact for contemplation? With what new and mighty forces is the Christian community beginning to act on the pagan? The latter will soon feel the whole weight of our intellectual and moral power. Our capitals are sending forth unbroken streams of life and influence to the ends of the earth. The pulsations of London are felt at the walls of China. Can one doubt the result? Her altars will be smitten in the dust. A new and quickening energy will be sent through the body of her sin and superstition. She will come forth regenerated from her thousand graves. The valleys *are* exalted—the hills *are* laid low. Let us hope the Lord is coming. His way is fast preparing. All that opposes itself shall be cast down. The islands and the hills shall rejoice before him. Truth, freedom, and Jesus shall possess and reign over all nations. And the time will come, when the song of jubilee and salvation commencing in the farthest climes of the east, shall be transmitted through successive portions of a redeemed race till it mingles with the roar of Pacific seas. Let us hope that science and art are about to do more for the dissemination of our religion than as yet has been imagined, that the skill, the intellect, the avarice and the ambition of man, will be so overruled as to promote the highest welfare of his kind and the purest glory of his Redeemer and Maker.

A Discourse on the death of Hon. William Sullivan, delivered in King's Chapel, Boston, September 15, 1839. By John T. Sargent, minister of Suffolk street Chapel.

This discourse was prepared, we are informed, amid the pressure of other engagements. But the heart needs not careful labor to express, with force and propriety, its deep love and reverence. It is pervaded by a sincerity and tender simplicity that constitute the highest eloquence at much times. And there is diffused through it that tranquillity, in contemplation of a most affecting event, which can be derived only from religious trust and faith, and are more impressive that they are not spoken. There are emotions more effective when restrained than uttered. The society, to which the deceased belonged, were peculiarly fortunate that in the inability of their pastor, one was found among themselves, so capable of meeting with delicacy and dignity all the touching and solemn demands of the occasion. Mr. Sullivan's hold on the respect and affections of this community, was evidently deep and general. Since reading Mr. Sargent's discourse we understand what were the intellectual and moral qualities that rendered it as just as it was strong. The law of appropriate retribution prevails to a great extent *on the earth.* Men have their reward. It is seldom an individual is estimated very differently from his worth and character. The human heart is honest—not frequently deceived or bribed. Wealth, genius, power may draw forth flattery and admiration. But their impressions are superficial. They touch not the deeper places of our nature. A throne cannot seduce the soul's loyalty to worth. It is only moral and religious principle, consistent, sustained, unconquerable, that can insure the homage of men. The breath of God has passed over their spirits. And never do they bend in worship, except through ignorance, to any thing, but what partakes of divinity. The following pages are as full of feeling as moral beauty.

He was faithful as the head of a family. He was eminently social and domestic in his habits and tastes. His worldly interests and pride seemed to centre in the circle of his home. His recreation, after study, was to seek the society of his wife and children,—to be with them, instructing or entertaining them in their daily walks abroad, or, at home, to join the evening chorus of their accomplishments. His aim was to have his sons and daughters not only useful but, as the Scripture expresses it, 'like cornerstones, polished after the similitude of a palace.' He gave them every advantage of education. He was lavish of every thing which might add to their comfort or improvement. Nor was his generosity confined to the family circle. It went abroad in search of the stranger. His hospitality was proverbial. His charities, also, were conducted without ostentation. There was a politeness in his very almsgiving; and so courteous was the tender of his aid, that he made its recipients feel as if they were granting him a favor. The effect, therefore, on their minds, was indelible. An interesting anecdote is related of an old woman, whom he had in some way assisted some years ago, who came to his house, in tears, the day after his death, and solicited the privilege of looking at his corpse; on seeing which, she turned away with a sigh, and said, 'Well, I feel happier now: I've seen one of my best friends.' His courtesy towards others was not confined to the consideration of the tinsel they had on, or the equipage they could boast. He was singularly punctilious in all matters of good-breeding or etiquette; and it were no faint praise to say of any man, what was doubtless the prevailing sentiment of society with regard to him, that he was a perfect gentleman. That refinement of manners for which he was so remarkable is not so superficial a quality as many persons imagine. It often indicates a sterling goodness of heart. It has been very justly defined to be 'the result of much good sense, some good-nature, and a little self-denial for the the sake of others.' These qualities were in full action within the heart of him whose character we are considering. There was nothing exclusive in his urbanity: it was of that sort which led him to honor all men.

He was a religious man, certainly, if by their fruits men are to be known. He comprehended fully and philosophically, the high moral relations of life. Religion was never, with him, much a matter of talk, and far enough from that fitful and evanescent exhibition born of animal passion. It showed itself rather in an equable, well-regulated condition of character, not easily discomposed, and in the faithful discharge of life's manifold duties. In the secret recesses of his soul, the faith he had, burned steady, calm, and clear; and by the same inner light he was led along at last through the dark valley. With regard to all the ills of life, his feelings had, indeed, somewhat of a stoic turn. He died like Socrates, or as Socrates would have died, if to his philosophy had been superadded the force of a Christian faith. On the closing hours of such a life, the stranger may not intrude. Suffice it to say, the same dignified composure characterized his dying hour which had marked his living term of threescore years. No studied farewell, no last laboured words, uttered for the sake of a chronicle, but, simply, to the bursting hearts of his family, one kind, last look, a smile, a pressure of the hand, and then he fell asleep. He had lived, self-collected, and he died as he had lived.

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION AT WILTON, N. H.

This Celebration, commemorative of the first settlement of the town, one hundred years ago, took place on the 25th of the last month. Agreeably to a vote of the inhabitants passed early in the spring, fit arrangements had been made for observances and exercises appropriate to the occasion; and the sons and daughters of Wilton, alike those scattered abroad and those remaining on their native soil, had been long looking forward to this Family Festival with feelings of deep interest. We have cause to believe, that, when the day at length came, every one of the congregated multitude felt that his highest expectations were fully answered. A finer September morning never dawned on those hills and valleys; the sky was without a cloud; the sun was thought to beam with unwonted kindliness; the air was so pure and exhilarating, it was a luxury to breathe it; the whole face of nature appeared to smile propitiously; and the spirit of the people was evidently affected, as well by these outward tokens, as by the inward thought of the approaching festivities. No one had slept late that morning; and no one, as he came forth from his dwelling, but showed a countenance radiant with joy and hope. At an early hour the roads, in every direction, were filled with men, women, and children, bending their way, some on horseback, some in carriages, some on foot, to the centre of the town. The entire population seemed in motion. Soon the Common was covered with happy human beings; and beautiful it was, and affecting, to see how the whole assemblage appeared animated as with one and the same feeling, and to witness the hearty mutual greetings of residents and emigrants, separated for years, but now met once more, where they had passed their early days together, to mingle again their sympathies and devotions on an occasion alike interesting to all.

At ten o'clock the Procession was formed under the direction of Col. Parkhurst, the Chief Marshall, and, having for escort a noble looking military company, attended by a fine musical band,—both composed of young men belonging to the town,—it proceeded to the old Meeting-house, which was soon filled to overflowing.

The exercises of the Church were as follows: Voluntary by the Band; Prayer by Rev. Abiel Abbot, D. D.; Music; Selections from the Scriptures, by Rev. Warren Burton; Music; Prayer by Rev. A. A. Livermore; the subjoined Hymn, written by Mr Rockwood:

Father in Heaven, thy grace impart;
Let gratitude inspire each heart;
To thee our joyful songs we'll raise,
Thy goodness claims our highest praise.

We hail this consecrated day,
Accept the tribute here we pay;
Let this Centennial Jubilee
Wake in our hearts new praise to Thee

Let peace attend a welcome guest,
May filial love inspire each breast;
Join, every voice, the song, the vow,
We're brethren all, our Father Thou.

Blest morn of Liberty, whose light
Effulgent broke the shades of night;
To dry the weary pilgrim's tear,
And bid him seek a dwelling here.

Sleep, 'Pilgrim Fathers,' and be blest;
We'll ne'er disturb your peaceful rest;
Long shall the grateful prayer ascend,
While o'er your sleeping dust we bend.

Next came the Oration by Rev. Ephraim Peabody. This was a very able and interesting performance. It will soon be issued from the press.

After the Oration, the following Hymn, written by Miss Livermore, was sung:

Almighty God! we own thy power,
Which on the Pilgrim Fathers smiled,
The forests fled, and bloomed the flower,
Where all was sterile, drear, and wild.

These fertile hills, our fathers found,
Their dwellings rose beneath thy care;
They early sought for hallowed ground,
And on it built a house of prayer.

A century thy guiding hand,
O'er us has held unerring sway,
Dependent beings, still we stand,
O, guide us on from day to day.

Our labors bless, our garners fill,
Our hearts enlighten by thy grace;
Our study be, to do thy will,
While in this transient dwelling place.

And as each passing year shall sweep
To their last rest, some friends we love,
As joy shall smile, and woe shall weep,
Prepare us for a home above.

Prayers were now offered by Rev. S. Barrett; then there was Music again; and the Benediction was pronounced by Rev N. Whitman, senior minister of the town.

After the services of the church, the Procession was again formed, and escorted, as before, to a very pleasant Pavilion, erected on the beautiful green, a few rods east from the meeting-house, where, the divine blessing having been craved by Rev. Mr Richardson, pastor of the Orthodox society, the company, consisting of five or six hundred ladies and gentlemen, dined together, at tables commodiously arranged, and covered with the rich products of the surrounding country. And here let it be said to the praise of Wilton,—no intoxicating drink was seen at this festival; and yet there did not seem to be any lack of good cheer. The repast being ended, thanks to God were rendered by Rev. Mr Jones, formerly minister of the First Parish. As the weather now threatened to be unfavorable, the original intention of having the toasts and addresses, customary on such occasions, at the tables, was abandoned, and the company returned, in the order they had left it, to the church, where three or four hours were most delightfully spent.

Ezra Abbot, Esq., the President of the day, having made some appropriate remarks, the regular toasts were announced, in a pleasing manner, by Mr Eliphalet Putnam, and were received by the full assembly with evident satisfaction. The first toast contained a complimentary allusion to Deacon Samuel Greele of this city, a native of Wilton, whose father and grandfather had passed their lives, respectable and respected, in that town; and the President having signified that a reply was expected, Deacon Greele rose and said:

Mr. President,—I perceive by the significant nod of your head, that the sentiment just uttered, has reference to myself. I furthermore understand that this nod has an official bearing, directing me to address this assembly of friends and fellow-townsmen. As I have always been in the habit of complying with that apostolic injunction, which requires us to 'submit to the powers that be,' I will not refuse obedience to the legitimate authorities of this day, although I had much rather be a hearer than a speaker on the present occasion.

We have been told by the orator of the day, that the first grist mill, erected in this town, was built by a remote ancestor of mine; and that the ancient inhabitants conveyed their wheat and their corn, to this mill, to be converted into flour and meal. I wish it were in the power of his humble descendant in return for the flattering compliment paid him this day, to bring to this 'feast of reason and flow of soul,' as well ground, and as well bolted flour, as the good old Deacon Samuel Greele, of a former generation, gave to his customers of a by-gone century, the primitive Wiltonians of his day.

Mr. President;—this day, connected as it is, with many delightful reminiscences and associations, brings to my mind some tender, not to say sad recollections. Forty one years ago, this day, a beloved parent was summoned to another, and I trust, to a better world. The manner of his death,* equally sudden to himself, and unexpected by his family, is well known to the elder part of those now present. The delicate and kind ministrations of friends and

neighbors, then made an impression on my youthful heart, which the finger of time can never efface. While most of those, who attended the funeral obsequies of my honored father, have, in their turn, been removed to the world of spirits, and relatives and friends have wept over their graves, it is my privilege and my happiness to behold among you, some, who at that time mingled their sympathies and their tears, with those of the afflicted family. To them I would observe, that the affectionate interest, then expressed for me and mine, forms one of the links in that adamantine chain, which binds me to my native town.

I trust that these remarks, though somewhat egotistical and sombre in appearance, are not incompatible with the festivities of the occasion; for, if I have not greatly mistaken the purpose of this celebration, we have met to weave fresh garlands for the graves of the dead, as well as to express our fraternal regards for the living.

Many of the honored and lamented dead now come to my mind like warm, living realities. The two first pastors of this town, the strong minded and sincere Livermore; the meek, modest and affectionate Fiske; the generous, hospitable and exemplary Rockwood, one of the earliest physicians of this place, whose house was ever the resort of the enlightened and the good; these, and other venerable and venerated men, together with the virtuous and pious women of other times, now appear to my imagination, clothed anew in their earthly habiliments. The lessons, which I received from their lips, are deeply engraven on the tablet of my memory.

My heart now prompts me to pay a passing tribute of love and respect, to the memory of one, more recently removed from you, but whose virtues are enshrined in all our bosoms. I refer to the beloved, the honored, the lamented Abbot.† His attachment to his native place, led him to propose and plan the celebration in which we are now engaged. Many of the institutions of the religious society, in which he worshipped,—and of the town in which he was born, and in which he lived, are monuments of his warm hearted attachment, as well as memorials of his enlightened zeal in the great cause of human improvement, and of Christian virtue. It was my privilege to be one of his instructers, when in early life, a member of Philips's academy in Andover. I well recollect his untiring industry, his amiable and correct deportment, his unwavering allegiance to the dictates of duty and of conscience, which pointed him out as a pattern to the other members of this venerable seminary of learning. To adopt the expressive language of scripture, 'he seems to have been sanctified even from his birth.' It is fully known to you all, how well the fruits of his mature life corresponded with the buds and the blossoms of his early years. If the spirits of the 'just in Heaven' take cognizance of human affairs, we trust, that his benignant spirit is now looking down on the festivities and solemnities of this day, with joyful approbation.

I have spoken of one of the reasons of my attachment to the town of Wilton. Another reason I doubtless share in common with my friends, who, like myself, have been led to seek their fortunes in other towns and cities. It was here, that we received our primary education. And let me ask, sir, what is so well adapted to develope the whole complex being of man, to give a healthy tone to the body and the mind, as attendance on the district school, with occasional labor in the field, and on the farm. It is here, that the storehouse of the imagination becomes enriched with its most gorgeous imagery, and the boy is trained to those habits of industry, to that self dependence and self control so serviceable to the man in after life. Do you think, Mr. President, that the genius of the reverend gentleman, who has delighted us this day, by his eloquence and learning, could have taken such lofty and excursive flights, if it had been hemmed in, during early life, by the brick walls of a dusty city? I venture to assert, that he drank in the inspiration, which has swelled up at this time in his own bosom, and which has made our hearts thrill with gladness and joy, from the pure fountains, which gush from your sunny hills, and which meander in purling streams through your deep valleys, and your green meadows. Do you think that another reverend gentleman, now in my eye, could have so well gratified and instructed his numerous readers, by pointing out, in a manner so peculiarly his own, the advantages and the defects of the district school, if he had not himself been an actor in some of those juvenile dramas, which he so beautifully describes?

Do you think, that the talented lady, who has given proof of the versatility of her genius, in the composition of the solemn hymn, just sung with so much effect in your church, and of the merry song, which (to speak in parliamentary langnage) now lies on your honor's table for future use, could have so charmed us by the sweet warblings of her gentle muse, if she had been fluttering and flaunting in early life, in the rustling silks of the city, and promenading its Broadways and its By-ways, instead of amusing her leisure hours, in culling the wild flowers of the fields, and in listening to the music of the feathered songsters of the groves?

A knowledge of the elements of agriculture, which formed an important part of our early education, may be the means of future support, as well as an agreeable and healthy recreation to some of us, who are now otherwise occupied. What a resource must it be to the scholar, the merchant, the physician, the lawyer, and the clergyman, who have been reared on the farm,—what a resource, I repeat, must it be to them to feel, amid the fluctuations of the times, the caprices of popular favor and the discouragements of professional life, that, should fortune frown on their efforts for the support of themselves and their families, they can return to their native soil, and draw nourishment from that bountiful mother earth, which gave them birth. Should this be the fortune of any of us, I now bespeak from my kind friends, in his behalf, an interchange of agricultural labors, and other friendly offices; and I venture to promise, on his part, earnest co-operation, in building up the literary and religious institutions of the town.

I respect the hard hand, and the sinewy arm of honest labor, as much, sir, as I despise the hand of indolence, though it may be as white as the lily of the field, and as soft as the head with which it is connected. This labor, when prompted by the pure and pervading motive of supporting a loving wife, educating affectionate children, and contributing to the social and religious institutions of the times, rises to the high dignity of a moral and Christian virtue.

It may likewise be said, without disparagement to other employments, that the labor of the husbandman is the basis of a nation's wealth; for without it, the merchants and the banks would all fail, and the literary and professional men would all starve.

I love the country and its various pursuits. How often have I longed, when visiting the ancestral mansion, where I first drew my breath, to return to the paternal acres, to partake of the rural repast, under the branches of the wide spreading elm; to drink water, fresh and cool, from the 'old oaken bucket;' and to join in the merry song of 'harvest home?'

A generation has passed, since I bade farewell to my residence in this town. I now behold those of my companions, who like myself, were then playful, beardless boys, now, with the staid and grave demeanor of manhood, filling the seats and occupying the stations of their fathers. The fathers, where are they? Alas! they have gone to their final account, and to their lasting home. But, thanks to Heaven! they have left us the imperishable inheritance of their virtues. May we bequeath to our children, and they in turn to theirs, as goodly a name, and as fair a fame, as our ancestors have bequeathed to us; so that our posterity, who may join in the second centennial celebration of this town, may have as good reason to hallow our memories, as we have had to hallow the memories of those, who have gone before us.

Permit me, Mr. President, once more to express my heartfelt attachment to the good old town of Wilton. I call her old, for it must be allowed, that as she has attained her hundredth year, she is now well out of her teens, and well out of her minority. May she ever possess, as now, that regard for order, that love of learning and religion, and all those other virtues, which so well become her age, her character, and her station. She will thus be an example, worthy of imitation, to her younger sisters of the Granite State, and throughout the land.

In conclusion, sir, I offer you a brief sentiment, which, I trust, will find a response in the heart of every one, who hears me.

Our recollections of the beloved, the honored, the lamented Abbot. The memory of the just and the good will never perish.

Deacon Greele was followed by Rev. Dr Abbot of Peterboro'; William Abbot Esq., of Bangor, Me.; Rev. N. Whitman, minister of Wilton; Rev. A. D. Jones, formerly pastor of that town, now of Brighton; Rev. Warren Burton; Professor J. H. Abbot of Boston; Rev. E. Peabody of New Bedford; and Rev. S. Barrett of Boston; but of the sentiments and speeches of these gentlemen no Reports have been furnished us. The intervals that occurred between the addresses were agreeably filled up with songs and glees and other musical performances, executed in excellent style. It occurred to some to notice, that nearly all who contributed to the exercises of the day, whether by the pen or the voice—together with the Corps and Band that acted as escort—were natives of Wilton; and that the few whose birth place was elsewhere, either were or had been residents of the town. In other words, it was an entertainment furnished from domestic products; and such an one, we cannot forbear to add, as it would be creditable to any community to be able to provide on a similar occasion.

In conclusion, lest perchance some of our readers may be inclined to wonder why we have spared so much room for the record of the proceedings of such a small, out of the way place as Wilton, we will select, for their consideration, two facts, out of the many we have in our possession equally honorable to its inhabitants, to wit,—Not a single native of the town has ever been sent, for crime, to prison; and there is not, in the United States, another town, of so limited a population, that has sent, in the same number of years, so many of its sons to college.

* He was instantly killed by the falling of a tree, when on his way to attend a town meeting, in the year 1798.

† Samuel Abbot Esq. who died last year.

We are requested to correct an error in our last, respecting the date of the Sixth Annual Celebration of the Taunton Sunday school. It occurred on the 4th of *September*, and not on of the 4th August, as inadvertently stated.

By some mistake of the compositor we suppose the notice of the part taken by Rev. P. Whitney, Senior pastor in the centenial exercises of the first church in Quincy was omitted in our last paper. The devotional exercises were performed by him and by his son of Roxbury.

INSTALLATION AT MEDFIELD.

The installation of the Rev. Charles Robinson as Pastor of the First Congregational Church in Medfield, will take place next Wednesday, the 16th inst. Sermon by Rev. Dr. Francis, of Watertown.

DEDICATION AT MANSFIELD, MASS.

The Gongregational Society in Mansfield have recently remodeled their place of worship, and the new house is to be dedicated on Thursday, 17th instant; Sermon by Rev. Jonathan Farr. It is expected a discourse will be delivered in the evening of the same day, by Rev. Mr. Doggett of Bridgewater.

It gives us pleasure to learn and to inform his distant friends, that the Rev. E. S. Gannett has so far recovered from his late illness that he was able last Sunday to administer the communion to his church. We trust it will soon again enjoy the satisfaction and benefit of his devoted labors.

We understand the Rev. Edward Edes, late of Augusta, Me., is to be installed as pastor of the Unitarian society in Kennebunk, the 23d of October.

To Correspondents.—We have by us several valuable communications which are omitted for want of room. They will appear as soon as possible.

INTELLIGENCE.

Emancipation of Slaves.—On the death of James Birney, of Jefferson co. Virginia, in August last, his son, James G. Birney, of New York (known as an able advocate of the cause of emancipation,) came into possession of *twenty-one* slaves, the property of his late father, who died without a will. Mr Birney has given them all their freedom. The following is the preamble to the deed of emancipation.

Know all Men by these Presents,
That I, JAMES G. BIRNEY, late of Kentucky, but now having my residence in the city of New York,

Believing that slave holding is inconsistent with natural justice, with the precepts and spirit of the christian religion, and with the Declaration of American Independence, and wishing to testify in favor of them all, do hereby emancipate, and forever set free, the following named slaves, which have come into my possession, as one of the heirs of my father, the late JAMES BIRNEY, *of Jefferson county, Kentucky*, they being all the slaves held by the said James Birney, deceased, at the time of his death.

American Education Society.—From the twenty third annual Report of the Directors of this society we collect the following facts.

The number of individuals who have received the aid of the society is 3,153. The number of beneficiaries assisted during the past year is 981. The average number assisted during the *first* five year was 124:—during the second five years average number 208,—third five years 398,— *fourth* 894,—and the last three years the average number has been 1082.

The amount of money refunded to the society, by the beneficiaries since its establishment is $34,982. The gross amount of receipts during the last year was $71,225. In the first year of the existence of the society the receipts were but $5,714. The society is at the present time in debt, $25,508 24. The Society has a Library of about nine hundred vols, principally the donation of the late Rev Dr. Porter of the Theological Institution at Andover.

American Foreign Missions.—The following summary of the doings of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, during the last year is taken from the last annual Report.

SUMMARY.

The receipts of the Board during the year, have been $244,169,82 exceeding those of the year closing July 31, 1838, by $7,998,84. The debt of the Board has been reduced to $19,173,09. The missions under the care of Board are 26; embracing 77 stations; at which are laboring 136 ordained missionaries, nine of whom are physicians, 9 physicians not preachers, 19 teachers, 11 printers and bookbinders, 9 other male and 191 female assistant missionaries;—in all 375 missionary laborers from this country, who, with 9 native preachers and 98 other native helpers, make the whole number of persons laboring at the several missions under the patronage of the Board and depending on the Treasury of support, 381. Of these, 12 ordained missionaries, 3 male and 21 female assistant missionaries, in all 36, have been sent forth during the year now closed.

The number of printing establishments is 14; of presses 24; of type foundries 4; of churches 52; of church members 7, 311; of seminaries 7, containing 363 pupils; of boarding schools 10, containing 344 pupils; of free schools about 350, containing about 16,000 pupils; of books and tracts printed, about 847,000 copies, and 33,000,000 pages the past year; and from the beginning, not less than 200,000,000 of pages.

Churches in Scotland.—In May 1834, Rev Dr Chalmers proposed the establishment of a fund for the purpose of repairing and building Churches. Since that time the contributions in Scotland for this purpose have been £250,000. The sum of £52,000 has been contributed during the past year.

In 1838 a proposition of union was made between the Presbyterians and the Seceders. The proposition has been approved by a majority of the Presbyteries, and the overture has been adopted by the General Assembly.

First Baptist Church and Society in Providence R. I.—This church was founded in 1639. It was the first in the state, and the oldest of this denomination in America. A late number of the Providence Courier gives a description of the meeting-house of this Society, and some items of the history, which we quote.

For simple elegance, and architectural beauty, this church has been much admired; and its lofty and graceful spire has been considered by good judges, as standing unrivalled, in the new world or the old. The draught was made, by Obadiah Brown, Esq., late of Providence, in conjunction with a Mr. Sumner, of Boston, Mass., and the latter gentleman superintended the erection of the house; which was first opened and dedicated for the worship of God, May 28, 1775.

The house itself is 80 feet square, independent of the porch. It has a capacious gallery on the north, south, and west; and a second on the west for people of color. In the body of the house, the ceiling presents a continuous arch; while over the galleries, the arch is intersected. Twelve Doric pillars support the galleries, and an equal number above, support the arches and roof. The steeple, on the west end, is as has been before said, one of the finest specimens of architecture, of the kind, in the world; and about 200 feet high from the ground, to the top of the spire. It was originally furnished with a bell and clock, both made in London. The bell weighed 2515 pounds. The clock remains.—The bell having been cracked, was recast in 1787, by Mr Jesse Goodyear, at Hope Furnace, Cranston, R. I., and now weighs 2387 pounds.

The motto on the bell at first was,

For freedom of conscience, the town was first planted,
Persuasions, not force, was used by the people:
This church is the eldest and has not recanted,
Enjoying, and granting, bell, temple, and steeple.'

The cost of this house and lot was about twenty thousand dollars.

The Society has had sixteen pastors since its organization. The first was Roger Williams, and among the number were James Manning and Jonathan Maxcy, presidents of the College.

The funds of the Society, at interest, amount to about eleven thousand dollars.

Between two and three hundred members were added to the church in the year 1820. The present number is 561.

The Texas Line.—We are officially informed, says the Louisville Journal, that the following gentlemen compose the commission to run the line between the U. S. and Texas. On the part of the U. S. the Hon. J. H. Overton, Commissioner; Col. John R. Conway, Surveyor;—Clendening, Secretary. On the part of Texas, Col. P. B. Dexter, Commissioner; G. W. Smyth, surveyor; H. P. Bee, Secretary. The commissionners met in New Orleans on the 7th August, organized the commission, and adjourned to meet at the mouth of the Sabine on the 15th October.—*Nashville Banner.*

Fire in Philadelphia.—A great and distressing fire occurred in Philadelphia on Friday night and Saturday morning, 5th inst. It commenced on South wharves between Market and Chesnut street. About forty buildings were totally destroyed, and many others damaged. The loss is estimated at $600,000. The most distressing circumstance attending the fire was the loss of several lives besides severe injury to several who survive.

Great Fire in New York.—A fire occurred in New York city on Sunday morning last, which entirely destroyed the square bounded by Front, Fulton, Water street, and Burling slip, and crossing Water street, consumed all the buildings from 174 to 264. The loss has been variously estimated. Some state it as high as $2,000,000.

SCHOOL LECTURES.

The fourth lecture will be given at Tremont Hall opposite the Savings Bank, on Wednesday the 16th inst. at 3 1-2o'clock P. M. by Mr Wm. Russell. Subject—'The Elementary Schools of Scotland.'

G. F. Thayer, for the Com.

NOTICE TO THE UNITARIAN CHURCHES IN MAINE.

The annual meeting of the Maine Convention of Unitarian churches, will be held at Kennebunk on Thursday, Oct. 24th, at 9 o'clock A. M. It is earnestly requested that those churches which cannot conveniently be represented in the convention, would furnish the Secretary of the association with full reports of their condition and prospects, and communicate such information respecting the denomination as may be interesting to the convention.

Per order of central committee.

Jonathan Cole, *Secretary.*

Hallowell, Oct. 5th, 1839.

The twenty seventh annual meeting of the Fragment Society will be held at Mrs. Daniel P. Perkins' No. 40 Beacon street, Monday Oct. 14th at 3 o'clock P. M. A punctual attendance of every member is solicited.

Subscribers that cannot make it convenient to attend the meeting, will please send their subscriptions during the hours of from 2 to 5.

M. B. Smith, *Secretary.*

FRANKLIN EVANGELICAL ASSOCIATION.

Notice is hereby given that this Association will hold its next meeting on Monday, Oct. 14th, at the house of Rev. Mr Harding, in New Salem.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, at the Stone Chapel, by Rev. Dr. Greenwood, William S. Morton, Esq. to Mary Jane W. Grimes.

Mr. Samuel W. Brigham, Jun. of New York, to Miss Eliza Ann Fales, daughter of Mr. Samuel Fales, of Boston.

By Rev. Mr. Barrett, Mr. Benjamin Randall, to Miss Frances A. Dugan.

At the Pitt's Street Chapel, by Rev. Mr. Gray, Mr. Joshua Lord to Miss Catherine E. Cutter.

By Rev. Mr. Ripley, Mr. John P. Taylor to Miss Miranda Fowle.

By Rev. Mr. Frothingham, Mr. Joseph H. Francis to Miss Susan Cobb.

In Chelmsford, by Rev. J. L. Russell, Mr. Marcus D. Byam to Miss Mary Proctor, both of C.

In Cambridgeport, by Rev. Mr. Muzzey, Mr. George Livermore, of the firm of Isaac Livermore & Co. of this city, to Miss Elizabeth C. Odiorne.

In West Newbury by Rev. Mr. Edgell Mr. B. F. S. Griffin of Amesbury to Miss Mary C. Pillsbury, only daughter of the late Maj. Wm Pillsbury of West Newbury.

In Milton, on Tuesday evening, by the Rev. Mr Cunningham, George Rivers, Esq. of Providence, R. I. to Miss Geraldine I. daughter of the late Hon. Jonathan Russel, of Milton.

In Baltimore, Mr. Geo. Hyde, of the firm of Dana, Evans & Co. of Boston, to Miss Sarah Ann, daughter of the late Aaron Clapp, of Baltimore.

DEATHS.

In Brookline, 27th ult. Miss Hannah W. Howe daughter of Mr. John Howe, of this city, 18.

In West Needham, Mrs Mary Stedman, 81.

In Ashville N. C. on the 20th ult after a short illness, Gen. R. Y. Hayne, in the 49th year of his age. One of the most distinguished citizens of South Carolina.

In Danbury, Connecticut, Oct. 6th, Jesse Buel of Albany, in the sixty second year of his age, for many years the efficient editor of the 'Cultivator.'

At sea, June 25, on his passage from Africa to Liverpool, Augustus Hyde, 38, formerly of East Bridgewater.

In Mobile, 14th ult of the malignant fever, Mr William B. Crehore, of Boston, about 28.

HARVARD COLLEGE CATALOGUE.—Catalogue of the Officers and Students of Harvard University, for the Academical year 1839, and 1840. Just published and for by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington street. oct 12

PEBBLEBROOK.—Just published by BENJ. A. GREENE, 124 Washington street, *Pebblebrook*, and the Harding Family.

Also—'The Latest form of Infidelity Examined.—Luther and his times.

Boston Quarterly Review—The October number just published as above. 3t oct 12

NEW ENGISH BOOKS.—Just received by the Moderator from London.

Roget's Physiology and Phrenology, 2 vols.
Five Nights at St. Alban's, 3 vols.
D'Aubigne's Reformation in France and Switzerland, 2 vols.
Hayward's Faust.
Characteristics of Goethe, translated by Mrs Austin, 3 vols.
Chandler's Hymns.
Maccullock's Proofs and Illustrations of the Attributes of God, 3 vols.
Porson's Euripides.
Turner's Sermons. Mant's Hymns.
Grant's Sermons. Rome in the 19th Century.
Chandler's Hymns.
Guizot's History of the English Revolution.
Taylor's Illustrations of the Bible.
Metaphysical Tracts.
Gammer Grettiel or German Fairy Tales.
Lectures on the Bible.
Chapman on Influence of the Affections.
Hutton's Lectures on Miracles.
Christian Teacher, Nos. 1 to 9.
Unitarian Lectures 10 No. &c. &c.

For sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington street. oct 12

NEW BOOKS—By Jas. A. Hillhouse.—Dramas, Discourses, and other pieces, by James A. Hillhouse—2 vols. This day published by CHAS. C. LITTLE & JAS. BROWN, 112 Washington street. Oct. 12th.

LATHAM'S GENERAL HISTORY OF BIRDS.—Being the Natural History and Description of all the Birds (above four thousand) hitherto known or described by Natnralists, with the Synonymes of preceding Writers. The second enlarged and improved edition, Comprehending all the discoveries in Ornithology subsequent to the former publication, and a general index, illustrated with upwards of two hundred exquisitely colored plates, exhibiting Specimens of remarkable Species and varieties of each Genus, 10 vols. 4to. Elegantly half-bound morocco.

For sale by CHARLES C. LITTLE & JAMES BROWN, Importers of Foreign Books 112 Washington street. Oct, 12th.

TEA AND COFFEE.—By Dr. Wm. A. Alcott.—The object of this little work is, to present an inquiring community such facts and experiments as may enable every individual to judge of the true nature of these popular stimulants, and whether or not his constitutional and acquired habits, in opposition to the general rule, demand their use. It also embraces what is believed to be a refutation of the arguments commonly used in defence of various drinks, as condiments or refreshments, as well as a full exhibition of the intentions of the Creator in regard to this subject, The author has aimed at a sober fact, rather than visionary speculation, or even the promulgation of mere theory: and has advanced little, if any thing, merely upon his own authority. The following are some of the subjects of the work:

Tea.—Exhilarating properties of Tea. Popular ignorance conerning it. History of tea. Its consumption in the United States. Tea shown to be a medicinal substance. Experiments upon it by distinguished physicians and others, and their testimony in regard to its effects on the human system. Tea a poison. Mode of mixing poison with tea at Canton. Usual manner of using tea, and its evils, in regard to digestion, the teeth, &c. Tea not invigorating. The necessity of some sort of stimulus. Nature of the strength derived from extra stimuli. 'One's meat another's poison' considered. False experience. Waste of using tea. Why there are aged tea drinkers. Power of habit. Is there poison in every thing? Tea a social thing. The effects of tea in shortening life.

Coffee.—Introduction of Coffee into general use. Its origin in Africa. Early opposition to it. Its present consumption in Europe and elsewhere. Rapid increase of its consumption. High medical and other testimonies in regard to its narcotic qualities. Slavery to its use. Its effects on the human system. Its effects on the liver and other organs, especially the brain and nervous system. Objections to the author's views considered. Popular errors on this subject exposed.

Statistics of Tea and Coffee—General remarks. Amount of Tea imported. Proportions of the two kinds—black and green. Amount of Coffee imported. General considerations. Closing appeal to the reader.

This day published by GEO. W. LIGHT, 1 Cornhill, Boston, and 126 Fulton Street, New York. Oct. 12th.

JONAS'S STORIES,—by Jacob Abbott, Author of the Rollo Book, just published and for sale by WM. CROSBY & CO. 118 Washington street. Oct. 12th.

MRS FOLLEN'S LAST WORK.—Poems, by Mrs Follen, 'Author of Married life' &c. &c. Published by WM. CROSBY & CO. 118 Washington street. Oct. 12th.

NEW TRACT.—Who was Jesus Christ? by George F. Simmons; being Tract 145 of the American Unitarian Association. Price 5 cents. Just published by JAMES MUNROE & CO. Agents of the American Unitarian Association, 134 Washington street. oct 12

HERDER'S HEBREW POETRY.—The Spirit of Hebrew Poetry, by J. G. Herder, translated from the German by James Marsh, 2 vols 12mo. A few copies only for sale by sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO. o 12

DODDRIDGES SERMONS.

SERMONS on various subjects, by Phillip Doddridge in 4 vols. London, one copy for sale, low, by JAMES MUNROE & CO. oct. 12

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF MARTIN LUTHER, by the author of 'Three Experiments of Living,' 'Sketches of the Old Painters,' &c This day published and for sale by Sept. 28. WM. CROSBY & CO.

DR. CHANNING'S WORKS.—Channing's Sermons, 8vo and 12mo
do Slavery
do Letter on Texas
do Remarks on the Slavery Question
do Self-Culture
Published by JAMES MUNROE & Co. o12

TREMONT STATIONERY ROOMS.

S. G SIMPKINS has taken one of those new and spacious stores No 21 Tremont Row—where he intends keeping a good supply of English, French, and American STATIONERY.

All SCHOOL BOOKS in common use, with as good an assortment of JUVENILE BOOKS as can be found in the city.

All of which will be sold at wholesale and retail on the most favorable terms.

N. B. Every attention will be paid to those of his customers who may find it more convenient to call at his old stand in Court street. o12

ELOCUTION.—The Subscriber continues to give instruction in Schools, and private lessons to Classes, and to Individuals.

A class of Boys, meeting weekly, on Saturday afternoon, is now open at Chauncy Hall, Chauncy Place. WILLIAM RUSSELL,
Boston, Oct. 2d, 1839. No. 6 Beach st.

UNITARIAN TRACTS.—No. 120. 'Come over and Help Us.' A Letter to Rev. George Putnam, by E. Peabody.

No. 121. 'To the Law and the Testimony.' A discourse on the deference paid to the Scriptures by Unitarians, by James Walker.

No. 122. Remarks on Creeds, Intollerance, and Exclusion, by William E. Channing, D. D.

No. 123. Charges against Unitarianism, by E. Peabody.

No. 124. A tribute to the Memory of Noah Worcester, D. D., by W. E. Channing.

No. 125. The Nature, Reality and Power of Christian Faith, by Henry Ware jr.

No. 126. The Sunday School, a discourse pronounced before the Sunday School Society, by Wm E. Channing.

No. 127. What is Truth? by Rev Andrew P. Peabody.

No. 128. A Young Man's Account of his Conversion from Calvinism. A statement of Facts.

No. 129. True Grounds of Christian Unity, by Rev. G. Putnam.

No. 130. A Rational Faith competent to the wants of Man.

No. 131. The Thirteenth Report of the American Unitarian Association, with the proceedings of the Annual Meeting, May 29, 1838.

No. 132. Duty of Promoting Christianity by the circulation of Books. By Henry Ware jr.

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No. 139. Truths joined by God not to be sundered by Man. By Samuel Osgood.

No. 140. On the Atonement. By Edward B Hall.

No. 141. Unitarianism Vindicated against the Charge of Skeptical tendencies. By James Walker.

No. 142. Remarks on the Sacred Scriptures, and on Belief and Unbelief. By Orville Dewey.

No. 143. The Fourteenth Report of the American Unitarian Association, with the Proceedings of the Annual Meeting, May 29, 1839.

The Tracts of the A. U. A. can be had of the publishers, bound in eleven volumes at the low price of 75 cents per volume.

JAMES MUNROE & CO.
Agents of the American Unitarian Association,
j15 134 Washington street.

NEW BOOKS.—*October 1st.*—Adventures of an Attorney in search of Practice: by the author of a Gentleman in search of a Horse.

The Damsel of Darien: by the author of The Yemassee, Guy Rivers, Mellichampe, &c.

No. 18 Nicholas Nickleby—No. 10 Pictorial Shakspeare—No. 11 Heads of the People.

The Ladies' Flower Garden, of Ornamental Annuals: by Mrs. Loudon—a splendid specimen of flower painting.—For sale at TICKNOR'S. o 12

A NEW HOME, WHO'LL FOLLOW?—Or Glimpses of Western Life, by Mrs. Mary Clavers, an actual settler. Just published and for sale at o12 TICKNOR'S

THE BEAUTIES OF STORY AND EVERETT.—Selections from the works of Joseph Story, LL. D. with a sketch of his life. Also, selections from the works of Edward Everett. For sale at o12 TICKNOR'S.

LETTER TO MR. ANDREWS NORTON—On the latest forms of Infidelity. For sale at o12 TICKNOR'S.

PRIVATE SCHOOL IN CHELSEA.

THE subscriber has the pleasure of informing his friends and the public that the Fall quarter of his school will commence on Monday 8 October.

He receives pupils of both sexes whom he is ready to instruct in the ancient and modern languages as well as the various branches of an English education.

A few more lads can be accommodated with board in his own family. He is permitted to refer to Rev. Dr. Tuckerman, Rev. Dr Parkman, Benj. Shurtleff, M. D. HORATIO ALGER.
sept 14

A Gentleman, a graduate of Harvard University, who has had some experience as a teacher, is desirous with his wife of taking charge of a school or seminary,—would prefer it of young ladies,—having no objection to a healthy situation. *South* or *West*. The most satisfactory references can be given as to character and qualifications. Address 'M. B., South Boston, Mass.' 5t 512

TO THE LADIES.

THE MISSES HUNT, Female Physicians, would respectfully give notice to the Ladies of Boston and vicinity, that they still continue to attend to all diseases, incident to the Female frame, at their residence, No. 1 Spring Street, corner of Leverett Street, Boston, (Mass.) Diseases of children particularly attended to. The Patent Medicated Champoo Baths will be administered to Ladies. These baths are not only a luxury to persons in health, but a cure for many diseases.

The great success which has attended their treatment of Diseases, and the properity of Ladies consulting one of their own sex, render any argument in favor of their practice unnecessary.

Hours for seeing patients from 9 in the morning until 6 in the evening. Advice Gratis. jan 19

PRIESTLEY ON THE CORRUPTIONS OF CHRISTIANITY.—A History of the Corruptions of Christianity, by Joseph Priestley, L. L. D.; in some parts abridged, with appendices.

'Didst not thou sow good seed in thy field? Whence then hath it tares?'

This valuable work, which Dr Priestley himself considered among the most useful of his writings, has been recently republished in this country by the Messrs. Prentiss of Keene, in a neat 12mo at a very reasonable price. For sale at the office of the Christian Register. august 10

UNITARIAN ADVOCATE.—For sale at the Office of the Christian Register, complete sets of the Unitarian Advocate. Odd Nos. supplied.

BEAN'S ADVICE.—Bean's Advice to a Newmarried pair is for sale at the Office of the Christian Register, neatly bound in figured cloth. Clergymen supplied as usual at the lowest wholesale prices. august 24.

THE FUTURE LIFE OF THE GOOD.—Contents.

Contemplation of Immortality—Reunion of Friends—Land of the Blest—Society of the Blessed—Light of Immortality—Permanency of the Future Life—The Character unchanged by Death—&c. &c. &c.

'I felt, that however long to me
The slumber of the grave might be,
I should know him again 'mid the countless throng
Who shall bear their part in the seraphim's song.'

This day published, by JOSEPH DOWE 22 Court street. epistf sept 28

PRIVATE BOARDING SCHOOL.

THOSE parents, who wish to give their children a thorough English Education, where they may escape the evils incident to city schools, are respectfully informed that Mr C. A CUMMINGS will take a few more pupils into his private boarding Academy at Quincy, Mass, if early application be made.

Refer to Rev. Messrs Whitney and Lunt, pastors of the Unitarian Church Quincy.

Terms.—Board and Tuition $25 00 per quarter.
june 8 eop6mo

CHAUNCEY HALL SCHOOL.—This institution will henceforth be under the joint care and management of the subscribers; they having this day associated themselves for that purpose.

T. C., Jr. has had the sole charge and instruction of the classical department of this school, for the last five years.

Arrangements have been made for fitting candidates for admission to advanced standing at the University, without interfering with the class exercises of the school. G. F. THAYER,
oct. 5. T. CUSHING, JR.

CHURCH BELLS.—Warranted of as fine tone as any made in this country, for sale by the subscribers at twenty four cents per lb.—Old Bells recast at short notice—orders by mail or otherwise will meet with prompt attention.

HENRY N. HOOPER & CO.
24 Commercial St., Boston.
jy 20 islaw6mo

WOOD AND COALS.

500 Cords Nova Scotia Wood.
1000 Tons first quality Red Ash Coal, for Grates.
300 Tons first quality White Ash Coal, for Furnaces.
600 Chaldron New Castle, Orrel, Sydney, and Cannel Coal for Grates and for Smith use.
100 Chaldon Scotch Coal, a superior article for Grates or Smith use.

For sale by MOSES FRENCH, JR.
Main Wharf Broad Street,
near the bottom of Summer Street.
sep 7 3m

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES IN CAMBRIDGE.

Refer to Sidney Willard, A. B. Mussey, J. T. Buckingham, J. Livermore, R. M. Hodges, Charles Everett, A. Rice, Trustees of the School.

The Academical Year commences the second Monday of September, and consists of four quarters, of eleven weeks each, unless the annual Thanksgiving divide the first and second quarters unequally.

The first three Vacations are one week each; the fourth, five weeks.

Board &c. for a year, $150 } Always
" one quarter, { Winter or Spring, 50 } in
{ Summer or Fall, 45 } advance.

Tuition in the Primary, Middle and Classical department, $6, $12, and $15 a quarter; or $20, $45 and $55 a year, in advance.

Music, with use of Piano, $20 a quarter.

Painting in Water Colors, $8 a quarter.

Drawing taught to all the School, without additional charge.

Any one branch other than Music, $10 a quarter.

Expense of Fuel arranged amongst the pupils.

The most approved Teachers in Music, Modern Languages, and other branches, according to the wants of the school, are employed; and competent Young Ladies assist in various branches.

Miss Young, teacher of Music, and two assistant teachers, reside in the family of the Principal.

A new house has just been completed, made expressly for the accommodation of about 20 pupils.

A few vacancies will be made in the family at the end of the present year.

D. Mack, *Principal.*
Cambridge, Aug. 10th, 1838. n 24

PURE SPERM OIL.

E. T. HASTINGS & Co., 101 State street, have constantly for sale Winter, Fall, and Spring strained Sperm Oil, of first quality, for family use. Oil cannisters of various sizes.

Oil sent to any part of the city, free of expense.
jan 13 istf

FAMILY OIL STORE.

THE Subscriber would inform his friends and the Public, that he has added to his Oil and Candle Establishment, 109 State Street, a Retail Department, for the purpose of supplying families with pure Spermaceti Oil, which he will warrant in all cases to burn freely, and without crusting the wick. And he will send it to all parts of the city free of expense.
sep 7 HENRY CLAPP, JR.

POETRY.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

'THE LAST SUPPER' OF LEONARDO DA VINCI.

The hour had come, the long expected hour,
When rank and wealth should bend to genius' power;
The regal duke and nobles of Milan,
Proceed in state to the *Dominican*,
And wide the sacred doors are open thrown,
Where with his work the artist stands alone.
Silent he stands: o'er his majestic brow
The dark clouds of dejection hover low:
No longer with creative power inspired,
Downcast that eye so late with genius fired,
Pale from exhaustion both of mind and heart,
The mighty Leonardo stands apart,
And rapt in thoughts of bitter agony,
Heeds not the murmuring voice, or eager eye.

'Withdraw the curtain!'—is the duke's command—
Da Vinci moves not, powerless is his hand;
The deep emotions that his great soul swell,
Bind him to earth as by a sorc'rer's spell.
Forth from the throng a monk's cowled figure starts,
From his fierce eyes triumphant malice darts—
Like the crouched tiger to his prey, he springs,
And snatches, with a hasty hand, the strings;
A glance of thought—the drapery is unfurled—
And THE LAST SUPPER stands before the world!

Awe-struck, in silence every lip is bound,
And moments pass unbroken by a sound;
At length a murmur of applause is heard—
The impulse of Italian souls is stirred—
To rapture rises the spontaneous cry—
E'en through the cloistered aisles the echoes die,
Thus to Da Vinci, Sforsa makes reply.

'O noble Florentine, well hast thou paid
The forfeit, my just indignation laid!
Back to my favor and thy fortune come,
And make within this heart once more thy home!
Still on to glory, and undying fame,
Ages on ages yet shall breathe thy name;
And long as genius' Heav'n-lit lamp shall burn,
The soul it lights, to thee with pride shall turn!'

Proud hour for thee, thou gifted son of Heav'n!
In place of death, immortal life is given;
While the fell foe who has that life pursued,
By his own upraised weapon is subdued.
Beats not thy heart with exultation high?
Glows not the light of triumph in thine eye?
Ah! no: those shadowed eyes the earth still seek,
While bitter tears bedew that thought-pale cheek.
The picture, o'er which nights of toil were spent,
On which the crowd's adoring eyes are bent,
That picture, whose yet untold destiny
The theme and copy of the world shall be,
E'en though its fate were read, could give no joy to thee.
Deep in thy mighty soul *remorse* must burn,
Oft as upon that scene thine eye shall turn;
For you pale, trembling, shrinking culprit near,
In Judas' lineaments shall e'er appear;
And to thy holy spirit, ever tell,
That once *revenge* thy godlike heart could swell.

Yet nobler art thou, Leonardo, now,
With that bent eye, and solemn, marble brow,
Than even when with inspiration fraught,
Thy spirit's eye the Savior's image caught:
His *image* then, alone, was in thy heart—
Now, one with him in thought and soul thou art—
Thine his high power, the inner self to see;
Thine the guilt-dread, the deep humility;
Thine the pure, native instincts, of a soul,
That owns no power save the Divine control;
And thine, with him, thou godlike, 'tis, e'er this,
To taste the glories of the world of bliss.

A. S.

Cambridge-port, Oct. 3d, 1839.

From the Knickerbocker.

THE HAPPY HOME.

I love the hearth where evening brings
Her loved ones from their daily tasks,
Where virtue spreads her spotless wings,
And vice, foul serpent, never basks;
Where sweetly rings upon the ear
The blooming daughter's gentle song,
Like heavenly music wisper'd near,
While thrilling hearts the notes prolong.

For there the father sits in joy,
And there the cheerful mother smiles,
And there the laughter-loving boy,
With sportive tricks the eve beguiles;
And love, beyond what worldings know,
Like sunlight on the purest foam,
Descends, and with its cheering glow
Lights up the Christian's happy home.

Contentment spreads her holy calm
Around a resting-place so bright,
And gloomy sorrow finds a balm,
In gazing at so fair a sight;
The world's cold selfishness departs,
And discord rears its front no more,
There pity's pearly tear-drop starts,
And charity attends the door.

No biting scandal, fresh from hell,
Grates on the ear, or scalds the tongue;
There kind remembrance loves to dwell,
And virtue's meed is sweetly sung;
And human nature soars on high,
Where heavenly spirits love to roam,
And vice, as stalks it rudely by,
Admires the Christian's happy home.

Oft have I joined the lovely ones,
Around the bright and cheerful hearth,
With father, mother, daughters, sons,
The brightest jewels of the earth;
And while the world grew dark around,
And fashion called her senseless throng,
I've fancied it was holy ground,
And a fair girl's, a seraph's song.

And swift as circles fade away,
Upon the bosom of the deep,
When pebbles toss'd by boys at play
Disturbs its still and glassy sleep,
The hours have sped in pure delight,
And wandering feet forgot to roam,
While waved the banners of the night,
Above the Christian's happy home.

The rose that blooms in Sharon's vale,
And scents the purple morning's breath,
May in the shades of evening fail,
And bend its crimson head in death;
And earth's bright once, amid the tomb,
May like the blushing rose decay;
But still the mind, the mind shall bloom,
When time and nature fade away.

And there, amid a holier sphere,
Where the archangel bows in awe,
Where sits the King of Glory near,
To execute his perfect law,
The ransom'd of the earth, with joy,
Shall in their robes of beauty come,
And find a rest without alloy,
Amid the Christian's happy home.

MISCELLANEOUS.

EXTRAORDINARY HISTORY OF MR. THOS. JENKINS.

The facts we are about to relate respecting this person are of so extraordinary a nature, that, if they had happened at a place distant from our scene of publication, or at a time remote from the present, we would have despaired of procuring credence for them, and, perhaps, on that account, abandoned the idea of giving them publicity. It happens, however, that, both in respect of time and place, they are so readily liable to be denied, if found incorrect, that we can bring them forward with the greatest confidence.

Mr. Thomas Jenkins was the son of an African king, and bore externally all the usual features of the negro. His father reigned over a considerable tract of country at the east of, and, we believe, including, *Little Cape Mount*, a part of the wide coast of Guinea, which used to be much resorted to by British vessels for the purchase of slaves. The negro sovereign, whom the British sailors knew by the name of King Cock-eye, from a personal peculiarity, having observed what a superiority civilization and learning gave to the Europeans over the Africans in their traffic, resolved to send his eldest son to Britain, in order that he might acquire all the advantages of knowledge. He accordingly bargained with a Captain Swanstone, a native of Hawick in Scotland, who traded to the coast for ivory, gold dust, &c. that the child should be taken by him to his own country, and return in a few years fully educated, for which he was to receive a certain consideration in the productions of Africa. The lad recollected a little of the scene which took place on his being handed over to Swanstone. His father, an old man, came with his mother, who was much younger, and a number of sable courtiers, to a place on the side of a green eminence near the coast, and there, amidst the tears of the latter parent, he was formally consigned to the care of the British trader, who pledged himself to return his tender charge, some years afterwards, endowed with as much learning as he might be found capable of receiving. The lad was accordingly, conveyed on shipboard, where the fancy of the master conferred upon him the name of Thomas Jenkins.*

Swanstone brought his protege to Hawick, and was about to take the proper means for fulfilling his bargain, when, unfortunately, he was cut off from this life. No provision having been made for such a contingency, Tom was thrown upon the wide world, not only without the means of obtaining a Christian education, but destitute of every thing that was necessary to supply still more pressing wants. Mr Swanstone died in a room in the Tower Inn at Hawick, when Tom very faithfully attended him, though almost starved by the cold of a Scottish winter. After his guardian had expired, he was in a state of the greatest distress from cold, till the worthy landlady, Mrs. Brown, brought him down to her huge kitchen fire, where alone, of all parts of the house, could he find a climate agreeable to his nerves. Tom was ever after very grateful to Mrs. Brown for her kindness. After he had remained for sometime at the inn, a farmer in Teviothead, who was the nearest surviving relation of the guardian, agreed to take charge of him, and, accordingly, he was removed to the house of that individual, where he soon made himself useful in rocking the cradle, looking after pigs and poultry, and other such humble duties. When he left the inn, he understood hardly a word of English; but here he speedily acquired the common dialect of the district, with all its peculiarities of accent and intonation. He lived in Mr. L——'s family for several years, in the course of which he was successively advanced to the offices of cowherd and driver of peats to Hawick for sale on his master's account, which latter duty he discharged very satisfactorily. After he had become a stout boy, Mr. Faidlaw of Falnash, a gentleman of great respectability and intelligence, took a fancy to him, and readily prevailed upon his former protector to yield him into his charge. 'Black Tom,' as he was called, became, at Falnash, a sort of Jack-at-all-trades. He acted as cowherd at one time, and stable-boy at another; in short, he could turn his hand to any sort of job. It was his especial duty to go upon all errands to Hawick, for which a retentive memory well qualified him. He afterwards become a regular farm-servant to Mr. Laidlaw, and it was while acting in this capacity that he first discovered a taste of learning. How Tom acquired his first instruction is not known. The boy probably cherished a notion of duty upon this subject, and was anxious to fulfil, as far as his unfortunate circumstances would permit, the designs of his parent. He probably picked up a few crumbs of elementary literature at the table of Mr. Laidlaw's children, or interested the servant lasses to give him what knowledge they they could. In the course of a brief space, Mrs. Laidlaw was surprised to find that Tom began to have a strange appetency for candle-ends. Not a *doup* about the farm-house could escape him. Every scrap of wick and tallow that he fell in with was secreted and taken away to his loft above the stable, and very dismal suspicions began to be entertained respecting the use he put them to. Curiosity soon incited the people about the farm to watch his proceedings after he had retired to his den; and it was then discovered, to the astonishment of all, that the poor lad was engaged, with a book and a slate, in drawing rude imitations of the letters of the alphabet. It was found that he also kept an old fiddle beside him, which cost the poor horses below many a sleepless night. On the discovery of his literary taste, Mr. Laidlaw put him to an evening school, kept by a neighboring rustic, at which he made rapid progress—such, indeed, as to excite astonishment all over the country—for no one had ever dreamt that there was so much as a possibility of his becoming a scholar. By and by, though daily occupied with his drudgery as a farm-servant, he began to instruct himself in Latin and Greek. A boy friend, who in advanced life communicated to us most of the facts we are narrating, lent him several books necessary in these studies; and Mr. and Mrs. Laidlaw did all in their power to favor his wishes, though the distance of a classical academy was a sufficient bar, if there had been no other, to prevent their giving him the means or opportunity of regular instruction. In speaking of the kind treatment which he had received from these worthy individuals, his heart has often been observed to swell, and the tear to start into his honest dark eye. Besides acquainting himself tolerably well with Latin and Greek, he initiated himself in the study of mathematics.

A great era in Tom's life was his possessing himself of a Greek dictionary. Having learned that there was to be a sale of books at Hawick, he proceeded thither, in company with our informant. Tom possessed twelve shillings, saved out of his wages, and his companion vowed that if more should be required for the purchase of any particular book, he should not fail to back him in the competition—so far as eighteen pence would warrant, that being the amount of his own little stock. Tom at once pitched upon the lexicon as the grand necessary of his education, and accordingly he began to bid for it. All present stared with wonder when they saw a negro, clad in the grey cast-off surtout of a private soldier, and the number XCVI still glaring in white oil-paint on his back, competing for a book which could only be useful to a student at a considerably advanced stage. A gentleman of the name of Moncrieff, who knew Tom's companion, beckoned him forward, and inquired with eager curiosity into the seeming mystery. When it was explained, and Mr. Moncrieff learned that thirteen and sixpence was the utmost extent of their joint stocks, he told his young friend to bid us far beyond that sum as he chose, he would be answerable for the deficiency. Tom had now bidden as far as he could go, and he was turning away in despair, when his young friend, in the very nick of time, threw himself into the competition. 'What, what do you mean?' said the poor negro, in great agitation; 'you know we cannot pay both that and the duty.' His friend, however, did not regard his remonstrances, and immediately he had the satisfation of placing the precious volume in the hands which were so eager to possess it—only a shilling or so being required of Mr. Moncrieff. Tom carried off his prize in triumph, and, it is needless to say, made the best use of it.

It may now be asked, what was the personal character of this extraordinary specimen of African intellect? We answer at once—the best possible. Tom was a mild, unassuming creature, free from every kind of vice, and possessing a kindliness of manner which made him the favorite of all who knew him. In fact, he was one of the most popular characters in the whole district of Upper Teviotdale. His employers respected him for the faithful and zealous manner in which he discharged his humble duties, and every body was interested in his singular efforts to obtain knowledge. Having retained the trace of his native language, he resembled, in every respect except his skin, an ordinary peasant of the south of Scotland, only he was much more learned than the most of them, and spent his time somewhat more abstractedly. His mind was deeply impressed with the truth of the Christian faith, and he was a regular attender upon every kind of religious ordinance. Altogether, Tom was a person of the most worthy and respectable properties, and, even without considering his meritorious struggles for knowledge, would have been beloved and esteemed wherever he was known.

When Tom was about twenty years of age, a vacancy occurred in the school of Teviothead, which was an appendage to the parish school, for the use of the scattered inhabitants of a very wild pastoral territory. A committee of the Presbytery of Jedburg was appointed to sit on a particular day at Hawick, in order to examine the candidates for this humble charge, and report the result to their constituents. Among three or four competitors appeared the black farm-servant of Falnash, with a heap of books under his arm, and the everlasting soldier's greatcoat with the staring 'XCVI' upon his back. The committee was surprised; but they could not refuse to read his testimonials of character, and put him through the usual forms of examination. More than this—his exhibition was so decidedly superior to the rest, that they could not avoid reporting him as the best fitted for the situation. Tom retired triumphant from the field, enjoying the delightful reflection that now he would enjoy infinitely better opportunities of acquiring instruction.

For a time this prospect was dashed. On the report coming before the Presbytery, a majority of the members were alarmed at the strange idea of placing a Negro and born Pagan in such a situation, and poor Tom was accordingly voted out of all the benefits of the competition. The poor fellow appeared to suffer dreadfully from this sentence, which made him feel keenly the misfortune of his skin, and the awkwardness of his situation in the world. But, fortunately, the people most interested in the matter felt as indignant at the treatment which he had received, as he could possibly feel depressed. The heritors, among whom the late Duke of Buccleuch was the chief, took up the case so warmly, that it was immediately resolved to set Tom up in opposition to the teacher appointed by the Presbytery, and to give him an exact duplicate of the salary which they already paid to that person. An old smiddy [blacksmith's shop] was hastily fitted up for his reception, and Tom was immediately installed in office, with the universal approbation of both parents and children. It followed as a matter of course that the other school was completely deserted, and Tom, who had come to this country to learn, soon found himself fully engaged in teaching, and in the receipt of an income more than adequate to his wants. To the gratification of all his friends, and some little confusion of face to the Presbytery, he turned out an exellent teacher. He had a way of communicating knowledge that proved in the highest degree successful, and as he contrived to carry on the useful exercises without the use of any severities, he was as much beloved by his pupils as he was respected by those who employed him. Five days every week he spent in the school. On the Saturdays, he was accustomed to walk to Hawick (eight miles going and as much returning) in order to make an exhibition of what he had himself acquired during the week, to the master of the academy there: thus keeping up, it will be observed, his own gradual advance in knowledge. It farther shows his own untiring zeal, that he always returned to Hawick next day—of course, an equal extent of travel—in order to attend the church.

After he had conducted the school for one or two years, finding himself in possession of about twenty pounds, he bethought him of spending a winter at college. The esteem in which he was held rendered it an easy matter to demit his duties to as assistant for the winter; and, this matter being settled, he waited upon his good friend Mr Moncrieff (the gentleman who had enabled him to get the lexicon, and who had since done him many other good offices,) in order to consult about other matters concerning the step he was about to take. Mr. Moncrieff, though accustomed to regard Tom as a wonder, was, nevertheless, truly surprised at this new project. He asked, above all things the amount of his stock of cash. On being told that twenty pounds was all, and, furthermore, that Tom contemplated attending the Latin, Greek, and mathematical classes, he informed him that this would never do; the money would hardly pay his fees. Tom was much disconcerted at this; but his generous friend soon relieved him, by placing in his hands a *carte blanche* order upon a merchant in Edinburg, for whatever might be further required to support him for a winter at college.

Tom now pursued his way to Edinburg with his twenty pounds. On applying to the Professor of Humanity [Latin] for a ticket to his class, that gentleman looked at him for a moment in silent wonder, and asked if he had acquired any rudimental knowledge of the language. Mr. Jenkins, as he ought now to be called, said modestly that he had studied Latin for a considerable time, and was anxious to complete his acquaintance with it. Mr. P——, finding that he had only spoken the truth, presented the applicant with a ticket, for which he generously refused to take the usual fee. Of the other two Professors to whom he applied, both stared as much as the former, and only one took the fee. He was thus enabled to spend the winter in a most valuable course of instruction, without requiring to trench much upon Mr. Moncrieff's generous order; and the next spring he returned to Teviot-head, and resumed his professional duties.

The end of this strange history is hardly such as could have been wished. It is obvious, we think, that Jenkins should have been returned by some benevolent society to his native country, where he might have been expected to do wonders in civilizing and instructing his father's or his own subjects. Unfortunately, about ten years ago, a gentleman of the neighborhood, animated by the best intentions, recommended him to the Christion Knowledge Society, as a proper person to be a missionary among the colonial slaves; and he was induced to go out as a preacher to the Mauritius—a scene entirely unworthy of his exertions. There for any thing known to the contrary by his Scottish friends, he is still living.

Feeling that this tale requires only its own facts to render it both instructive and agreeable, we are little disposed to draw inference from it. It is true: that is enough. Most of the individuals connected with the fate of Jenkins are still alive, and, while we accord them the praise due to their disinterested services in his behalf, we earnestly hope that no one will feel aggrieved by being noticed publicly in this manner, a liberty which we have been induced to take by the best of motives—an anxiety to put the facts of the story beyond a doubt.—*Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.*

* The mind of the reader will here at once revert to the well-known story of Lee Boo, who, about fifty years ago, was entrusted by his father, a king in the Pelew Islands, to Captain Wilson of the Antelope, for the same purpose. Lee Boo, it will be recollected, belonged to an order of uncivilized people who are not considered so hopeless as the negroes of Africa. Yet, while the dispositions of Thomas Jenkins were equally amiable with those of Lee Boo, it will be found that he more than realized all the expectations which were formed regarding the intellect of that promising boy, unfortunately cut off before his education had been well commenced.

ORIGIN OF PAPER MONEY.—The veracious Spanish historian, so often quoted by Irving in his Conquest of Granada, Fray Antonio Agapida, relates that the Count de Tendilla, while besieged by the Moors in the fortress of Alhama, was destitute of gold and silver, wherewith to pay his soldiers, who began to murmur, as they had not the means of purchasing necessaries from the people of the town. 'In this dilemma,' says the historian, 'what does this most sagacious commander? He takes him a number of little morsels of paper, on which he inscribes various sums, large and small, and signs them with his own hand and name. These did he give to the soldiery, in earnest of their pay. 'How,' you will say, 'are soldiers to be paid with scraps of paper?' 'Even so,' I answer, and well paid too, as I will presently make manifest—for the good Count issued a proclamation, ordering the inhabitants to take these morsels of paper for the full amount thereon inscribed, promising to redeem them at a future time, with gold and silver. Thus, by a subtle and most miraculous alchymy, did this cavalier turn worthless paper into precious gold and silver, and make his late impoverished garrison abound in money.' Irving adds, 'the Count de Tendilla redeemed his promises like a loyal knight, and this miracle, as it appeared in the eyes of the worthy Agapida, is the first instance on record, of paper money, which has since spread throughout the civilized world with unbounded opulence.' This happened in 1484.

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